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MAYFAIR

Vol. 19 No. 5

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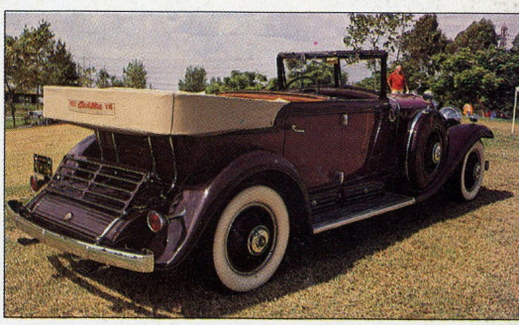

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SCENE

Mayfair is justifiably proud of the high quality of its artwork, and another fine example illustrates *The First Great Air Race* on page 46. Painted by top artist Michael Codd, it shows Claude Grahame-White following the railway line from London to Manchester. In order to ensure accuracy, Codd researched the period carefully, knowing that our eagle-eyed readers would pick him up on any detail, but especially anything involving steam trains. The line Grahame-White followed belonged to the London and North Western Railway, and the locomotive in the foreground is a Precursor class engine built in 1905, and used up until 1913. Our many railway buffs will also appreciate that the livery of both the loco and rolling stock is accurate for that particular company in that era.

Mayfair's editorial department, not being the best at getting in on time first thing in the morning, are always on the lookout for good excuses. Now, much to the annoyance of our editor, who likes an early start, a whole book of the best alibis has been published. Written by broadcaster and collector of absurdities, Gyles Brandreth, *The Book of Excuses* (McDonald, £6.95) contains great getouts for the office, home or party. Our favourite concerns an inventive Dutch optician. Apparently he was sent to trial in 1979 charged with various offences, all of which amounted to unprofessional conduct. During the trial it was revealed that women who went to him for treatment were asked to strip off and dance around the consulting room while he played an accordian. His lawyer told the court, 'This test was done to make sure that they were the right kind for contact lenses.'

Amusing slogans can be seen adorning practically everything. First it was the badge, then the teeshirt, and now a firm appropriately called One Jump Ahead are marketing the personalised contraceptive! The ultimate injoke costs £16 for 12 sheaths printed with your choice of witty remark (ring them on 0376 61940 for further details). Larger quantities (up to 300 in fact for the truly rampant) are available. But we were so impressed by the idea of prophylactic punchlines, that we have decided to follow suit by offering a year's free subscription for the best slogans you care to send us. To get you in the mood, here are a few suggestions; 'This erection is only temporary', 'Remove wrapping before placing in mouth', 'Beware of re-treads' or 'Who's a lucky girl then?'

And whilst we are on the subject of rubber, readers who like wearing it all over will enjoy a bizarre new magazine that has just come out. *Skin Two* is for fans of leather, PVC and rubber, and provides advice on everything from where to buy a cute pair of matching gasmasks to clubs where you can meet fellow fetishists. Fortunately the subject is also treated with humour. An article by one man explaining his love of rubber and bondage is called *Sorry, I'm Tied Up at the Moment.*

What is 12 feet long, goes up in 90 seconds and can accommodate up to 100 people? The answer, some of our female readers will be disappointed to learn, is the Bahama Jumbrella. This is a giant-sized, free-standing umbrella which is set to be the latest craze for summer parties in the unpredictable British climate. Easier to erect than a marquee, the Jumbrella, marketed by William Cox Ltd of Tring, Hertfordshire, comes in a wide range of shapes, sizes and colours – the largest covering an area of 269 square feet. Prices range between £874 and £1,700. The manufacturers also say that the Bahama Jumbrella is highly portable, but there are a few people who might disagree. They are the men who had to carry eight of them up seven floors to the Kensington Roof Gardens for the launch. The lifts had broken down.

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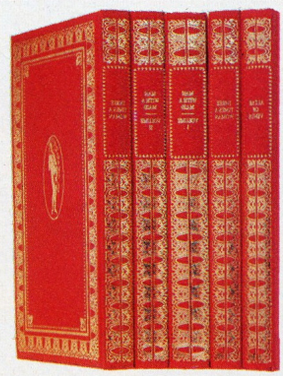

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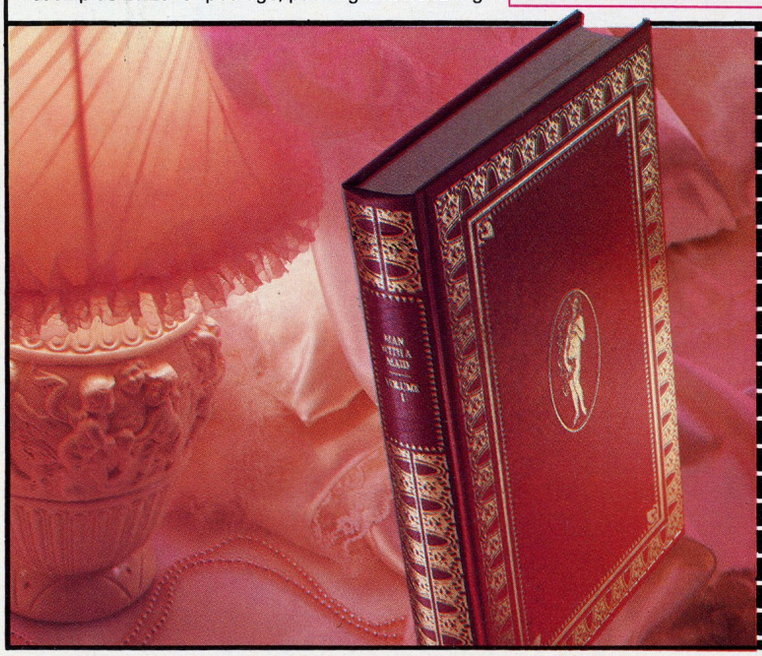

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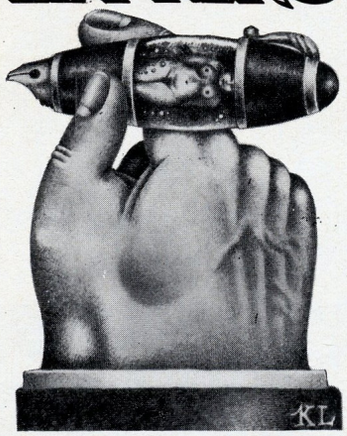
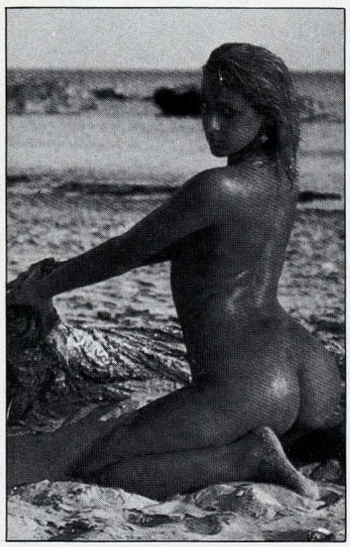
LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

The *F*L*A*S*H* pictures in Vol 19 No 3 were sensational. Please do something like this again soon with the same model. She looks so nice and tanned, and would be nice



photographed stretching out on a beach or a field of poppies . . .
I Jayawardena, North Kensington

I am writing to congratulate you on your excellent pictures entitled *F*L*A*S*H.* I find them subtly arousing, and she is indeed 'the best butt in Korea'.
Is she English? She looks quite exotic. I really could imagine myself on the campsite set. It was so much more lifelike than the bedroom settings.
Any chance of another glimpse of 'Hotsie', preferably wet in the sea?
RV Ward, London W10

'Hotsie' was, of course, the lovely Jackie St Clair, a 34-23-34, half-Hawaiian, model who lives in the West End of London. We are happy to inform Mr Ward and Mr Jayawardena's that we have already granted their wish. Jackie appears in a set on a Spanish beach in Vol 17 No 6, and in a clinging wet shirt on the cover of the same issue. Below is another quick glimpse of 'the best butt' as she appeared in that set.

I enjoyed your feature, *The Men who Shot into History* (Vol 19 No 1). But I would like to contest one point. From my researches, Jesse James did not die 'with a slug in the back'. Bob Ford stated that he 'heard the hammer click as I cocked it with my thumb, and I started to turn as I pulled the trigger. The ball struck him just behind the ear, and he fell like a log, dead.'
Eric Booth, Huddersfield

As a student of wild west history and literature, I would like to comment on three statements made in R Hudson-Smith's excellent article.
First Zane Grey created many memorable characters but Hopalong Cassidy was not among them. It was Clarence E Mulford who wrote these. Secondly Doc Holliday did indeed die of disease, but not syphilis. He contracted TB at an eary age and that, coupled with his taste for whiskey, eventually led to a sanitorium for consumptives where he died at the age of 35 of TB and alcoholism. His friend and fellow gambler / gunfighter, Luke Short, died of dropsy at the age of 39.
Finally the practice of carrying a notch in the pistol butt to commemorate the killing of a man was rare. It ruined the grip on the gun, thus removing any advantage of speed and accuracy the gunman might otherwise have had. Only fools notched their guns, and they seldom lived to carve more than two or three. It is highly unlikely that Wesley Hardin would have carved 'more than 40 notches' on his guns.
Edward W Thomas, Los Angeles

R Hudson-Smith's feature has fascinated many, and provoked a lot of discussion amongst readers with letters in this and our last issue. We asked R Hudson-Smith to comment and he sent us this letter in reply.

Having been nourished from an early age on a literary diet of West West stories by Zane Grey and Clarence E Mulford, I hang my head in shame at having said in my article that Hopalong Cassidy was created by Grey. Of course he was the creation of Mulford – Bill Boyd took the part in countless films. It was just one of those lapses that can turn a writer's hair white overnight.
Mr Booth takes me to task for saying Jesse James was 'shot in the back'. Isn't this rather a case of hair-splitting. In the West, a gunfighter either shot a man while facing him or shot from the rear – in the back. While not doubting Mr Booth's quotation from James' killer, Ford, shooting a man behind the ear hardly falls into the first category. Nevertheless, I concede that for the sake of accuracy 'from the back' would be preferable to 'in the back'.
With regard to Mr Thomas's remarks, I hesitated before ascribing Doc Holliday's death to syphilis. According to sources I consulted, Holliday suffered from tuberculosis, advanced syphilis and alcoholism, and was half crazed when he died. As in those days, the first two were almost certain killers, which of his ailments finally carried him off is, in my view, debatable. It was probably a combination of all three. Certainly in the film of the OK Corral, Doc Holliday, played by Kirk Douglas, is shown to have a hacking, tubercular cough. But I doubt whether the Hollywood morality code would have allowed him to be suffering from advanced syphilis. It was a dirty word, and very few people died of it officially.
In saying that Wes Hardin had '40 notches on his guns' (I did not say they were carved), I was speaking figuratively not literally. In the old West, it used to be a figure of speech to indicate a gunfighter's tally. I agree with your correspondent that many notches carved on the butt would have impaired a gun's fine balance and accuracy. In fact in Hardin's case there would have been little left of the butt to grasp if he had cut a notch for every man he killed.
With due admiration for Mr King's obviously profound knowledge of gunfighting lore as quoted in his letter in Vol 19 No 4, I do disagree with his remarks. He states that 'the fast draw was virtually unknown to old time gunfighters, and they approached most shooting situations with a gun already drawn'. History does not bear this out. On record there are many authentic stories of sudden flare-ups in saloons or gambling joints where speed on the draw made the difference between life and death. For example Wild Bill Hickok, coming into a saloon one night, saw Strawhand, a frontier desperado, but made no sign. Thinking himself unobserved, Strawhand pulled a pistol, but before he could fire the lynx-eyed Hickok had drawn and killed him. Agreed, gunfighters would approach some situations with a drawn gun – for example the OK Corral which was cold-blooded murder anyway, but equally many shoot-outs arose unexpectedly, and then a fast draw counted.
However I agree with Mr King that none of the old-timers could have approached the amazing fast-shooting performance by cracks in the USA today. Checked by electric timing, and authenticated, one McGivern put five shots into a target, grouped to be covered by a hand, in two-fifths of a second – a world record. Whether this ace shot could have repeated such a staggering feat if he had been faced by Hardin or Hickok with murder on their minds is another matter altogether.
R Hudson-Smith

In your recent editions of the magazine, there has been a great advertisement. The one I refer to is for your 'Sensational Silk Lingerie' in black and ivory. This is truly arousing, especially in the hands of model HJL who is wearing the ivory selection. I particularly like the shot of her in the French knickers showing her smooth round posterior, and she drives me wild in the picture of her rubbing her hand between her boobs. But instead of referring to them by letter, can you tell me who they are – especially the brunette in the ivory set. Better still, is there any chance of featuring her in a set inside the magazine?
C Walker, Huntingdon

Our two models in the silk lingerie advertisement are Sylvie Richards in the black,
turn to page 110

Jasmin

Mayfair's Bride of the Year

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAN SVENSSON

One man's loss is another man's gain, so they say. And in this case it's true because if it hadn't been for a last minute argument with her fiancé we would never have been able to bring you these photos of Jasmin, the sexiest bride who never quite made it to the altar. Nineteen-year-old Jasmin was due to marry this spring, and all the arrangements had been made, including the dress as you can see. 'But my fiancé was becoming stricter with me all the time, like a keeper, and we kept clashing because I like to go out and have a good time.' The crunch came when Jasmin read one of his *Mayfairs*, and wanted to pose. 'He forbade me, so here I am,' she laughed.

After a row, Jasmin and her fiancé parted, so she decided to show off her lithe 34-22-34 figure in her wedding dress. 'I thought it might be fun to show him what he's missing, and these pictures will look great in the family album.' Jasmin was born and raised in West London, but inherits her dark good looks from her father who was serving in the Gurkhas, and stationed in England. 'He loved it over here, and as my mother is English they settled over here. I've never been to Nepal.'

Jasmin has many relatives in her father's homeland she's never met which is one of the reasons she's temping as a shorthand typist, working up to sixty hours a week. 'I've been saving up for two years to go on a world tour and spend some time in Nepal, checking out all the places dad told me about. The trip was going to be a sort of extended honeymoon, but I'll go by myself now, and probably have a lot more fun. After all, I've never been out with any guys except Englishmen, up to now.'

She was alone on the mountain, cold and shivering in the blinding rain. I had to keep her warm to save her life, though the terrible temptation was shaking my vows and putting my faith to the test. But no matter what they say, she was real to me

Fiction by Alan Bayes

Honey in the Rock

I thought she was dead at first. Blinding rain was forcing me to look where I was going, and I almost missed her, huddled in a cluster of rocks by the side of the trail, small and still and silent. I nearly jumped out of my skin. Then, recalling my faith, I crossed myself, and muttered a hasty prayer. I shuffled closer, and saw that ripples of shivering were running through her like waves on an exposed body of water; she was drenched to the bone, her eyes were closed, and her teeth

ILLUSTRATION BY BRUCE HOGARTH

chattered as if the upper and lower jaw weren't on speaking terms.

Her eyes opened slowly when I touched her but they hardly seemed to register my presence, and when I spoke she couldn't shape an answer, maybe didn't even hear. I don't mind admitting I was scared. If she wasn't in the grip of hypothermia already it couldn't be far away.

Unslinging my pack, I looked for somewhere to pitch the tent, and it was then I remembered what I'd seen further up the trail. Just a few bits of charred nylon wagging at the end of some pegs, and a blackened area of grass, darkened by the rain, where a tent had stood. She must have made camp to rest out the coming storm; probably she'd decided on a brew-up, and somehow the tent had caught fire. All her gear had presumably gone with it, because she didn't even have any waterproofs: not so much as a sou'wester.

I got the tent up as fast as I could, and stretched the sleeping bag out on the groundsheet. Dragging her through the sodden grass, I wondered what she was doing half way up a mountain on her own, not that it was any of my business. As it happens, my purpose was quite straightforward; doubtful of my vocation I had, like many an illustrious and saintly predecessor, taken to the hills in search of guidance. None had been forthcoming, but lugging her into the tent, it occurred to me that perhaps I'd found, inadvertently, what I was looking for.

In more senses than one, coming upon the girl in the way that I had might turn out to be providential – a sign of some sort or, more likely in view of what would be required of me, a test. If nothing else it gave me the opportunity to play the Good Samaritan.

Laying her alongside the sleeping bag, I explained what we had to do. There was no answer other than the chattering of teeth.

My fingers were none too warm, and I fumbled with the slippery buttons on her blouse. Her hands came up, whether to help or hinder I couldn't tell, though the noise she made, like a basket of sickly kittens, tipped the balance, understandably, in favour of the less flattering interpretation.

'You've got it wrong,' I said gently, 'I'm not going to hurt you. But we've got to get you out of these wet things, and dry.'

She was in no condition to put up a fight, and it didn't take long to strip off her few soggy clothes. I tried not to enjoy it, and kept reciting the credo. I got the towel out of my rucksack, and gave her a vigorous rub-down, hoping to pummel some life back into those frozen limbs.

She was lovely; fine-featured, full-lipped, long-legged, breasts brought to sharp little peaks by the cold. Helplessness made her all the more delectable, and I strove to avoid being excited by her nudity and the laboured rise and fall of her breasts, wondering as I patted her dry what power had stretched her before me like this, Light or Darkness.

Think of her as sick the celibate in me warned, a sister in need of protection. It wasn't on. What came out instead under my breath was, 'You've got a lovely pair, darlin'.' I haven't spent all my life in cloisters you know, even if those last 18 months sometimes felt like it, and leaning over her, looking down, I knew that unless I did something quickly I'd not be able to keep my lips to myself. It had been a long time since I'd seen anything like that in real life.

Out of sight, out of mind. Sometimes. I worked the bag over her ankles, and up to her hips, averting my eyes from that mysterious triangle, lifted her, and dragged the bag up her body till only her head was showing. Then I did what I could to towel her hair dry. She looked great like that: a wanton Medusa. It reminded me of the snake, and his part in our Fall though, and I knew I must be stern.

'What you need is something warm in you,' I said, smiling, and mentally I couldn't help adding, preferably me.

I soon had the billy out, and some dehydrated soup on the go. Lifting her head I spooned it into her a little at a time, thinking about the next move.

Did I stay put and hope that I could keep her warm through the night, or would it be better to risk getting her down to civilisation and medical aid?

It looked as if I'd have to carry her. A turned ankle or a slip along the way might prove fatal to us both, and so I plumped for waiting till dawn. I can honestly say it's one time I haven't fancied spending a night with a naked lady in my sack, and yet there was many a time in that lonely cell of mine between cold and comfortless sheets when I could think of nothing else. But then it was only make-believe, and this was the real thing.

Suddenly I sneezed and shuddered, and it prompted me to think about my own state. I finished off the soup, ate a chocolate bar for energy, and took off my anorak, leggings and boots. They had kept the rain out but the trip downhill, and my exertions since finding the girl, had left me dripping with sweat. The enemy is within I thought, smiling drily to myself: better keep it there.

I looked over at the sleeping bag. She was entirely hidden in it. I climbed out of my clothes, and towelled myself down, finishing off with a J-cloth – by then the towel was wetter than I was, if not so steamy.

The next move was going to be rather tricky. I crawled over to the bag, and shook the girl by the shoulder. Her eyes opened as if tomorrow would do.

'We're going to have to share it,' I said. 'To keep warm. Besides, it's the only one we've got.'

I drew myself up to the top of the bag, put my feet in and began to wriggle my way down. The girl struggled, and I was pretty sure she wasn't trying to make room for me. I was talking to her all the time but she just made funny little noises. She must imagine she's stuck in a nightmare, I thought. Truth is, I wasn't being honest with myself, and I'm afraid it showed; intuition sometimes functions even when the conscious mind is out to lunch, especially in a woman.

I felt pretty embarrassed when my hips were on a level with her face; still it was no time for delicacy, and it was vital I should stay healthy if I was to be any use to her.

There's no getting round the fact that sliding in was a pleasant experience. It was a tight fit putting it mildly, and there was nowhere for her to go. As a way of getting quickly acquainted there's a lot to recommend it, believe me.

Eventually my toes felt the bottom of the bag, and I put my arms around her. Her heart was thumping wildly against my chest. All that close contact and friction had produced the usual animal effect, and my organ of generation, a wildly mis-named appendage in my case, was wedged straight up between our bellies, stiff as a ridge-pole. There was no wonder she was frightened, though I was the one with most to fear and, I believed, the most to lose. I stroked her hair back from her face.

'It's all right,' I whispered, 'you're safe. We must keep warm and dry though.'

I held her tightly – there was no option, and had she been able to think coherently she would have realised that it would have been pretty difficult for me to get my leg over, as friends in the world outside used to say, even if I'd wanted to. Well, I wanted to, but I kept saying no. I just hoped I could keep on listening.

After a while her heart slowed down to

turn to page 39

'Hands up all those not *in favour.'*

SPECIAL REDUCTION

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CONSULTANCY

Dr Steven Roles

Frigid females are getting fewer for a number of reasons, all of them good. Certainly lots of them still have bad patches, sometimes after pregnancy or illness, for example. Others notice irregular spells when they are a bit off sex. Some find it happens more or less monthly as part of their regular cycle. But as an overall picture most doctors have noticed a genuine decrease in the number of really sexually resistant women.

The causes of this steady, but hopefully, continuous change are part of the overall change in attitudes towards sex and sexual matters. There is no intrinsic reason, and never has been, why a woman should not enjoy her chosen sexual activities as much as a man. At many times in history this view has been accepted. But the hypocritical conditions imposed and fostered mainly during Victorian times resulted in several generations of women brainwashed to think of sex in the wrong light. They took no pride in their bodies, no enjoyment in their sex, and obtained no pleasure from sexual practices.

These older generations are steadily dying out, and with them passes a great deal of the influence of this dreadful pretence. Women are learning fast that they can perform and enjoy a wide range of sexual behaviour. There is also a growing kudos attached to doing so.

Nevertheless there are still many women with sexual problems. This very change for the better that I mentioned is the cause of some of them. So deeply is the ingrained view that even the discovery of how nice it can all be can come as a great shock. Add to these all those who have found things going a bit stale, those who are tired and overworked, and those who have a real psychological sexual problem, and you have a very large group of women needing help.

The first stage in combating the sex problem of a woman is the same as for a man. It is to realise that there is nothing physically wrong ... no disease. For this is usually the case. The genital organs are normally in good working order, and this can be shown to the patient. They can then be re-assured that the problem is an emotional one, and that they can confidently expect to get better.

Every woman should have it impressed upon her that she possesses the built-in ability to enjoy the fullest possible sex life.

One of the biggest of all sources of help to women with sexual problems is the use of sexual aids. These are devices designed other than by Nature, to improve performance in, and enjoyment of, sexual behaviour. They are really only a part of the whole picture. For there is much that a woman can do to help herself.

She can start to develop a positive attitude to sex. She can gradually train herself to think more about sex. To savour its pleasures in memory and in anticipation. She can think female. She can make an occasion of sex, dress up in a provocative way. She can revel in being a woman, the great joygiver, the sex object of the man she loves. This she will find helps not only to develop her own sexual enjoyment, but is one of the best ways to engender lasting love and affection in the man or men of her choice.

There are two main types of sexual aids; those designed to increase stimulation of the clitoris, and those to increase stimulation inside the vagina itself. Some do both.

Clitoral stimulators consist principally of a soft rubber ring worn by the man around his penis. The ring is slipped to the very root of the penis. On its upper surface is a specially-made pad positioned so that when the penis is deeply in the vagina the pad is squeezed between the bone across the man's abdomen (above the penis), and the woman's clitoral area. It thus increases the natural stimulation normally given by the male's crisp pubic hair. The pads are sometimes rubber air cushions, sometimes spaces pre-filled with a lubricating cream, and sometimes for more difficult cases they are covered with soft latex projections. If required the stimulating area can be continued around the entire

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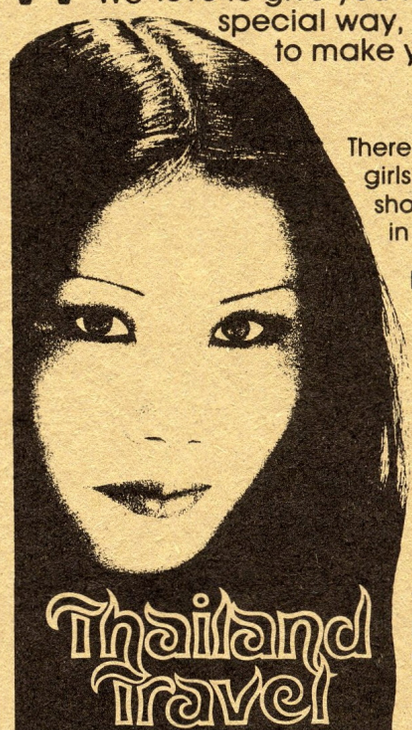

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CONSULTANCY

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circumference of the ring to titilate the lips of the vagina as well.
Vaginal aids are of a number of types. The first is similar in some respects to a clitoral ring. It too is an elastic ring but it is worn around the end of the penis in the groove between the knob and the shaft proper. From it radiate soft rubber fronds which massage the sensitive inner surface of the vagina during the normal in-and-out strokes of sexual intercourse.
Another type is an adaptation of the standard rubber contraceptive sheath. Instead of the usual extremely smooth surface however, the surface is stippled, or even mounted with a series of flexible projections.
Most women agree that the size of the visiting penis is not particularly important, and that there is no truth in the popular notion that the bigger the intruder the greater is the delight. In support of this is the fact that most women masturbate with only one finger. There are occasions nevertheless on which one or both partners wish to increase the size of the penis. This can be done by wearing an extension sheath. The penis is placed in the sheath, the end or walls (or both) of which are extended or thickened. This device is very popular though there is a definite loss of sensitivity to the male.
Far and away the most popular of all female aids is the dildo or artificial penis. This comes in a variety of sizes and shapes but consists in principle of a flesh-coloured and realistically shaped erect penis. Usually they are hand held and operated but they can be suspended in a harness for use either by the impotent male or in a lesbian relationship. Some are hollow and can be prefilled with warm water in order at the right time to simulate ejaculation.
A modern innovation of the dildo is the so-called personal vibrator. This is a plastic and easily cleaned aid made smoothly tapering for easy insertion into body orifices. Inside is a torch-battery-powered electric motor which, when switched on, makes the whole thing vibrate. They are entirely safe and harmless to use. Most are about seven inches long, and one and a quarter inches in diameter, though small ones are also available for anal use.
They are used sometimes in the mouth or around the nipples, and in any place which the women finds to be sexually arousing. Naturally the two main places are on the clitoris and in the vagina. Dildos, mechanical or hand operated are valuable for use before actual love-making begins for the woman who needs prolonged stimulation to approach her climax. They are also much used for personal masturbation when the male partner is not available.
From the medical aspect one of the most, useful aids is that known as 'Geisha Balls'. Two small hollow spheres are attached to a nylon cord. Inside them are two heavy weights which are free to move. Inserted high up into the vagina like a sanitary tampon they are worn at all times except during intercourse and menstruation. The slightest body movement causes the inside weights to oscillate. Not only does this produce a sensation which most women describe as pleasant and comforting, but it also causes repeated reflex muscular contractions. Vaginal muscle tone is thus much improved, and this makes for more pleasurable intercourse. There is also a substantial strengthening of the area which tends to become slack with increasing years or also after pregnancy and some gynaecological surgery.
Up to the present there has often been hesitation about these sexual aids from patients and doctors alike. However in the past, several leading medical publications have carried informative articles on them for doctors. These have drawn a huge response, and have changed much of the attitude.
All in all it can be seen that sexual aids can be of enormous value to a whole host of female sexual problems. Furthermore they have another great value which is in that they provide a wide new series of pleasurable variations on that oldest of all human themes.

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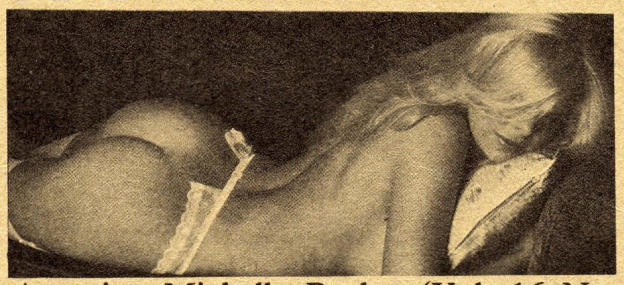

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EATING OUT

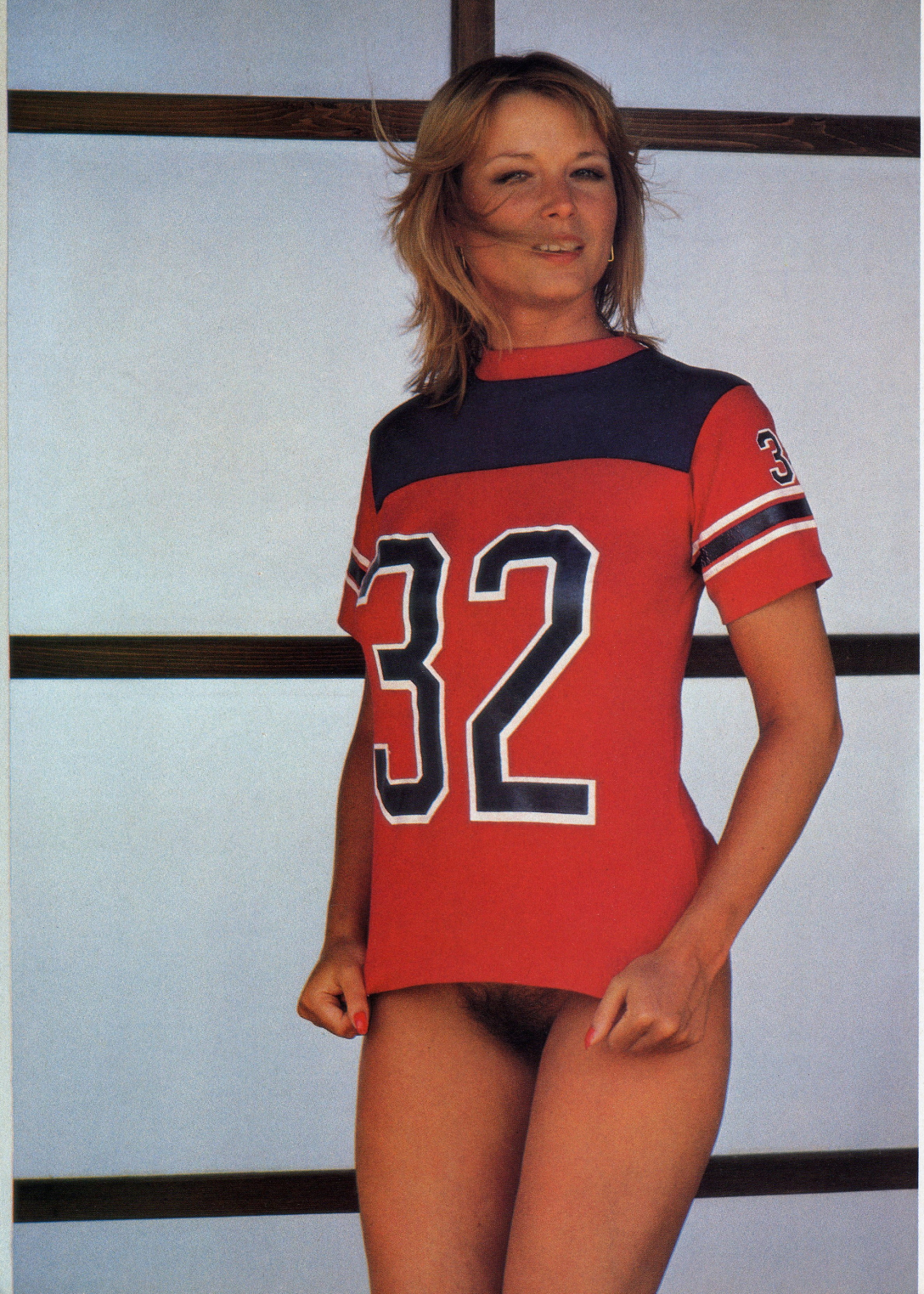
Brian O'Hanlon

George Walker is an old friend who retired from first class rugby refereeing to go into the restaurant business. Now, he and his attractive Swiss wife, Marianne, are based in Washington, Sussex. **George's Carvery and Restaurant** is doing good business pitched, as it is, by the roundabout on the A283 and the London-Worthing A24, *tel: Worthing (0903) 892947*. It has a Swiss ambience and Swiss dishes, including Mrs W, of course. *The Carvery* costs £7.30 at lunchtime and £8.70 in the evenings. Best Scotch beef is always available, and occasional joints of pork, Horsham gammon, and lamb add to the midday choice. The price includes fresh veg – Swiss specialities such as *Rosti*, hot beetroot and red cabbage, as well as our more mundane English sort – plus a first course and pudding. It is a go-up-and-get-it system, but you are not, mercifully, allowed to carve away, and hack the thing to hell yourself. You can, though, have as much as you wish. A la carte dishes include Scotch steaks (fillet £7.50 / sirloin £6.90), with Marianne's *beurre café de Paris* (Swiss-style garlic butter). Sweets are all home-made. Mouthwatering, gooey beyond perdition, they cater for the sweetest tooth. A main course is available alone for £4.20. It's open from 10am for coffee, with lunch from noon, Tuesdays until Sundays. Dinner is also served on Friday and Saturday nights. George's rugby reffing habits are still obvious. He has an obsession with looking at his watch, and casting his eye around the 'field' – but he doesn't award any 'frees'.

When I first went to Piero Faroldi's **La Primula** in *12, Kenway Rd, Earl's Court, SW5 (tel: 370 3898)* he had just opened, and the place felt like it. I returned a year later, and found it had blossomed into an excellent up-market Italian restaurant at reasonable prices. It is said that Italians cannot cook red meat, but Piero's chef, Sergio, is one of the exceptions. His special Scotch sirloin *Pizzaiola* proves it. I opted for veal, which the Italians cook better than anyone else. A fillet in butter with sherry, cream, and mushroom sauce is £3.90, and excellent too. We asked for, and got, half portions of *fettuccine al fredo* (£1.05 each) without any problem, after feasting off a choice of asparagus with hollandaise, scallops, and seafood cocktail. We enjoyed a bottle of *Pinot Grigia* at £6, and a bottle of the red house *Primula Riservato* for £4.50. *La Primula* is a place where you linger, and there is great reluctance to leave.

Something upon which the Editor and I have always concurred is that in a column such as this it is pointless writing about places one does not care for, even at the risk of losing balance in the overall article. But I do want to talk about **Fino's Wine Cellar** in *123, Mount St, Mayfair, W1 (tel: 492 1640)* because it does excellent business, serves good food and drink at fair prices, and is obviously tremendously popular. But I didn't like it. I found the staff cold and aloof, and we were kept waiting 20 minutes before anyone came to take our order. *Fino's* serves mainly as a wine bar for the advertising executives around Berkeley Square. It is a cosy basement, open-bricked, hung with faded *Country Life* type prints, and has small tables, where customers sit eyeball to eyeball. But there was nothing wrong with my cold *vichysoisse* (£1.50) when it eventually arrived, and the hot salt beef was a good plateful of tasty meat. The boiled potatoes were tender and well cooked, as was the leaf spinach, which was included in the price of £4.85. For some mysterious reason their salt beef is unavailable in the evenings. The specials of the day included a whole grouse casserole at £6.30, a veal scalopine with orange sauce at £4.95, and a set à la carte card with roast beef (£4.75), soused herring and salad (£3.65), and boiled ham at £3.85. House wine is £4.25 a bottle, 95p per glass; house champagne, £11.55 and £2.60 a glass. But, oh, I do wish someone had made us feel that they really cared we had come down there. Just a smile would have done.

Prices might have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishment if you are in any doubt.



Presenting Lindy Benson

Omar Sharif's cutest companion

The girls you've asked to see

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO MARNOTO

When we first featured 30-year-old Lindy Benson in Vol 10 No 9, she went on record as saying that when it came to nights out with men, she liked, 'romantic evenings with wine, guitars, moonlight and roses.' No wonder then that Lindy has since been spotted on many occasions with dark-eyed heart-throb, Omar Sharif. Photographs in the newspapers and colour supplements have captured them together in some of London's top clubs and restaurants. Just the venues Lindy aspired to eight years ago when she was quoted as saying she liked, 'the more fashionable places, and the people who go there.' Evidently since then she has been able to indulge her taste because as well as Omar, Lindy's has been seen with actor Robert Mitchum, and the former President of the Seychelles, Jimmy Mancham.

All of which shows just how far the 34-23-35 model has come since her early days in north London's Muswell Hill. *Mayfair* was one of the first magazines to spot her talent, and after many requests we repeated her early set in *Best of Mayfair No 1*, as the original issue is now out of print. These days though, film and TV work has largely replaced photographic modelling for Lindy. For a time, she could be seen on *The Benny Hill Show*, as one of the cheeky comic's scantily-clad pursuers in the final title sequence. One chilly November day she nearly froze, chasing him around Chertsey, Surrey, dressed only in a saucy school gymslip with black stockings and suspenders.

Another television role of Lindy's that had our readers writing in by the hundred asking us to feature her again was in the controversial BBC TV series, *The Borgias*. Lindy's part in this dramatic serialisation of the lives of the notorious Borgia family was typical of the robust series. She played one of the many mistresses of Pope Alexander VI (Rodrigo Borgia), and participated in the orgy scenes. But whilst her connection with the Papacy is fictitious, her nights out with Sharif, one of the great romantics, were not.

Honey in the Rock

continued from page 22

something like normal, and her breath felt even on my cheek. Now I don't have much experience of this sort of thing, but it was obvious she was nodding off, and I'd been told that's something you mustn't allow to happen to an exposure case.

I rubbed my cheek against hers, and shook her gently.

'You mustn't go to sleep,' I said, 'not just yet.'

She just shook her head irritably, and her eyes stayed firmly closed.

The tent wall ballooned out on the lee side, and bellied in on the other, caving every few seconds as a new gust hit. I prayed I'd put those pegs in securely. The rain peppered our fragile covering like spent shot, and I for one felt very vulnerable. That storm was like a living thing creeping around the tent, just waiting to get in. I was very relieved to have the girl to cling to. I didn't know how my beautiful friend could sleep through it all though, and a story told me by a friend was really raising the goose pimples.

He and another chap – both experienced climbers – were in the Fells. It was snowing, and deep snow lay on the slopes. They were nearing the summit of whatever peak they were on when not far away, but separated from them by a gully, they saw a small man dressed in ordinary clothes. Concerned for his safety they shouted to him, and waved He looked back at them, then continued to climb, and disappeared abruptly over the crest of a ridge. They followed. On the far side of the ridge was a sheer drop. Of the man there was no sign, and though they cast about on the slope, increasingly frightened, they could find no footprints. It put them off climbing in that area altogether. In fact my friend, not normally a jumpy type, lost his nerve completely, he was on tranquillisers for months, and now he won't go back up there for love or money.

Strange things happen in the hills all right, and they do funny things to people sometimes, but both climbers saw the old boy plainly, and were agreed on what happened. Sort that out if you can.

There's no doubting it happened, and the recollection of this detail and that detail wasn't doing a lot for my peace of mind I can tell you. I kept thinking I could hear footsteps in the noises outside.

Even I knew that the changes you get high up have to be seen to be believed. Earlier in the day it had been hot and sunny, and I'd felt over-dressed in shorts and tee-shirt. The temperature must have dropped 20 degrees or more in a few hours; even if my trembling was partly attributable to fear, a heck of a lot anyway. And nature, which had been so benign, now seemed determined to wipe us out or wash us away, and the devil's advocate kept saying: suppose it is to be your last night on earth – you've got the girl – why not enjoy it? And if she's to die with you, it won't make any odds to her, will it? Pressed up hard against her it wasn't easy to argue.

I knew that with hypothermia you eventually pass into a coma, and the depth of her sleeping made me fear the worst. More selfishly I knew that I'd feel a lot less frightened and lonely if I could wake her, and I shook her again, gently at first, and then quite roughly, and for all that the only response I drew was a tiny frown line between her brows, and a prolonged, weary-sounding sigh.

You know what would wake her, don't you? Some child of darkness said. I tried to dismiss the enticement. Look, it went on, desperate measures are called for. You don't want her to die do you?

I looked again at that lovely face. No, she couldn't be allowed to pass away from the earth, no matter what the price.

I passed my fingers up and down her spine without result.

'Help me, Lord,' I said softly. Slowly I drew my hand from behind her back, and brought it to my waist, turning it palm outwards, and pressing it between our bellies. Drawing in my stomach to make room, I pushed my hand up over her ribs, and placed it over her heart.

Her eyes started open at the sound of her own cry, and she tried to bite me. She took hold of my wrist but there was no power in her grip. I had to close my eyes to escape the look on her face.

Now you've done it, I thought. She's going to hate you even if you do get her out of this mess. And should it ever come to court they'll never believe you. Of all the things I might have had, I wanted her respect most, that and, if possible, her love, spiritual love, freely given. Instead she was terrified of me, and I'd have to settle for her hate.

I opened my eyes. Tears were rolling over her face, reflected in my own, I suspect.

'Don't be frightened,' I said, 'I'm not going to hurt you. But you mustn't fall asleep, not yet.'

She was too worn out to do anything for long, and her shaking and whimpering subsided. My hand stayed where it was, gently teasing her nipple: the will to stop had left me. Besides, I fooled myself that the regular caress was working a soothing effect on her, if not for me.

Her eyes were on my face, searching, I supposed, for hints of compassion, generosity. I smiled at her, and kept talking quietly, reassuringly, saying anything that came into my head, anything to hold her attention and keep my wanting, and her tiredness, at bay.

Familiarity breeds indifference in the end. Her eyes closed, and her anxious face relaxed as if she'd said, do what the Hell you like, I'm too far gone to care any more. Just let me rest.

'Hey, don't go to sleep on me again!' I pleaded. 'I'll have to do something you really won't like if you do!'

I fondled her breast some more but that particular ruse had lost its power to shock; her head lolled next to mine, and all resistance had gone from her body.

Go on, the tempter urged, you know the only thing left now. Just the way the Prince woke the Sleeping Beauty, and I don't mean with a kiss.

Shaking her about was futile. Trembling, I steered my hand down off her shoulder and all the way down to our hips, sampling the odd diversion on the way.

'Forgive me,' I said, knowing I was playing Russian roulette with my soul, and then, twisting to make a little room, I forced my hand between us, and tried to manoeuvre.

Suddenly she was wide awake and staring. Her lips moved as if they would form a word, and I thought she was trying to say, don't.

'Stay awake then!' I told her.

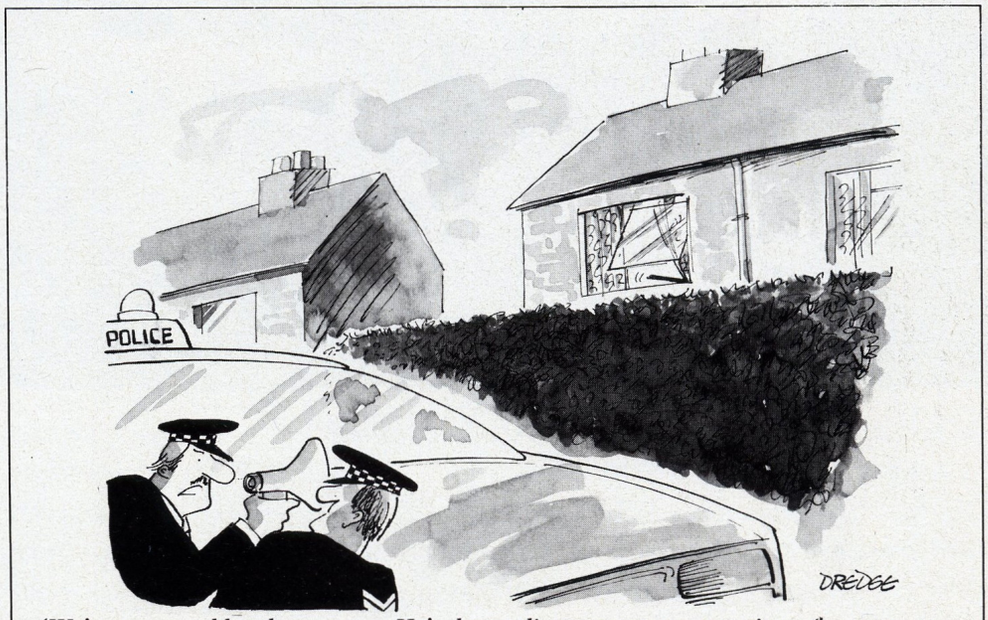
I loathed myself for what I was putting her through, but once again she sighed, her eyelids became heavy and started to droop, and then they closed tight. It was as if she had lost interest.

'I'm sorry,' I whispered, and jammed my cock between her thighs. I felt her body tense, and in spite of the gathering darkness I could see that her eyes were open. I put my hand around her, and pulled her even closer.

'The moment you fall asleep,' I said, my lips to her ear, 'I'm going to finish what I've started.'

That did it. I felt a quiver run through the body, and her arm came snaking down the bag. All at once I divined her intention but I was paralysed, unable to react, and before I

turn to page 108



'We've got a problem here, sarge. He's demanding to see representatives of a cosmetics firm, double-glazing company, encyclopaedia publishers and Jehovah's witnesses.'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

'Nigel, really,' admonished the young girl as she fended off yet another attack from her over-excitable young lover, 'don't you know what good clean fun is?'
'No,' replied the young man disconsolately, 'tell me. What good is it?'

What's the difference between a Russian detective and a frustrated schoolboy?
One is a Rostov 'tec . . .

In an effort to clean up the city centre of vice, the police decided to clamp down on prostitution, and arrest any women seen opportuning at night. The resulting queue around the local law courts was so great that it stretched half-way down the road. A little old lady who happened to be passing the queue, spotted her granddaughter there, and immediately asked what she was waiting for. The girl, not wishing her Granny to know about her naughty secret, replied that it was a queue for free oranges.
'Oh good,' replied the old lady, and reckoning that any help with the grocery bill was worth pursuing, she decided to join the line.
After a considerable time, the old lady reached the front of the queue, and was amazed to find herself in the dock of the court. Equally amazed was the magistrate, who nearly blew his cool when he saw the elderly lady.
'Tell me, madam,' he said, with an air of surprised amusement, 'aren't you a little old for this sort of thing?'
'Don't you believe it,' replied the old lady. 'I take my teeth out, and suck them dry.'

What do you call two Scotsmen on a washing line?
A pair of tights.

A young urchin from the East End of London was taken by the local education authority along with the rest of his class for his first trip to the countryside. He was shown around a farm, and excitedly took in everything he saw. After a long day, he came home to his parents who asked him what he had seen and done.
'Blimey, Mum, it was great,' he replied still brimming with excitement. 'There were all kinds of fings wot I'd never seen before. There were tall things called trees and grass and hills, and then we went down the farm.'
'And what did you see there?' they enquired.
'Lots of animals,' he replied. 'There were pigs, sheep, fuckers, horses, all sorts.' The child was gabbling away so happily that his parents hardly dared to interrupt, but finally his father did.
'Look, pigs, sheep and horses I know about,' he said. 'But I don't think I've ever heard of a farm animal called a fucker. What are they exactly?'
'Well,' said the lad thoughtfully, 'the teacher called them 'effers, but we all knew what she meant.'

A trendy young executive was giving the barman a hard time. He repeatedly asked him for a wide variety of unusual and exotic cocktails, none of which the barman had ever heard of. Finally, he nominated one which the barman knew.
'Okay, I'll make do with a Manhattan.'
The barman looked him up and down with consternation, and then went and made him the drink. With a wry smile he handed it to him with one additional extra, a sprig of parsley in the middle of it.
'Hey, what's that in the middle of my Manhattan?' demanded the customer angrily. The barman looked at him askance.
'Central Park,' he replied.

Jane and her boyfriend were enjoying a little *al fresco* lovemaking when she suddenly sat up, frowning.
'Peter darling, I do wish you would go to the optician's again soon.'
'Why, love?'
'Because you've been eating the grass for the past five minutes.'

A disgruntled couple were discussing their sex life and their plans for the future.
'When I'm 80,' said the husband, 'I intend to find a 20-year-old mistress, and have the time of my life.'
'Yes, and when I'm 80,' countered his wife, 'I shall get myself a 20-year-old stud – and 20 goes into 80, a lot more times than 80 goes into 20.'

What is oval, covered in short curly hairs, begins with C and ends with T, and is nicely moist inside?
A coconut.

When the judge, with a girl having sport,
Proved suddenly two inches short,
The young lady declined.
So the judge had her fined.
She was held in contempt of the court.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

Patricia

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL SPRING

When your bust measurement is 38C, you should make sure your bra has a strong fastening. That's the lesson buxom 22-year-old Patricia Travis learned last summer. 'I was running for the bus along the Fulham Road when my bra strap broke and I just sort of swung free. It was very embarrassing because I was only wearing a very thin blouse. The bus was crowded, and as I couldn't do anything about it just then I had to sit with my arms folded all the way to town, and keep them like that until I could take refuge in the ladies loo at college.' Patricia, whose other measurements are 25-36, was on a computer course at the time. She has since qualified, and is working for a large company in the city. 'Computers have always fascinated me, and I even have a small one at home so I can experiment with various programmes in my spare time and at weekends.'

Apart from her home computer, much of Patricia's spare time is taken up with music. 'I play guitar and write my own songs, but I don't want readers to get the impression I'm like one of those boring old hippies, bashing out dated Bob Dylan numbers. My songs are much more lively, and I try to make them a bit cheeky and funny so people can have a good time.' Patricia is rehearsing an act of comedy and singing which she hopes to try out in local pubs later in the year. 'I've been checking out the music scene, and there's a lot of talent to be found around London. My current favourite is a guy called Billy Bragg who writes some of the best songs I've heard in years. He's bound to make the big time soon. Perhaps I will, too, one day.' For exercise, Patricia plays badminton in the winter, and tennis during the summer months. 'Both of them pretty badly, I have to admit.'

In the noisy dirty factory where I was apprenticed, the one bright spot was the view up Ethel's skirt to a heaven encased in miniscule panties

The peek of apprenticeship: the day I looked up Ethel's skirt

Nostalgia by Alistair Morgan

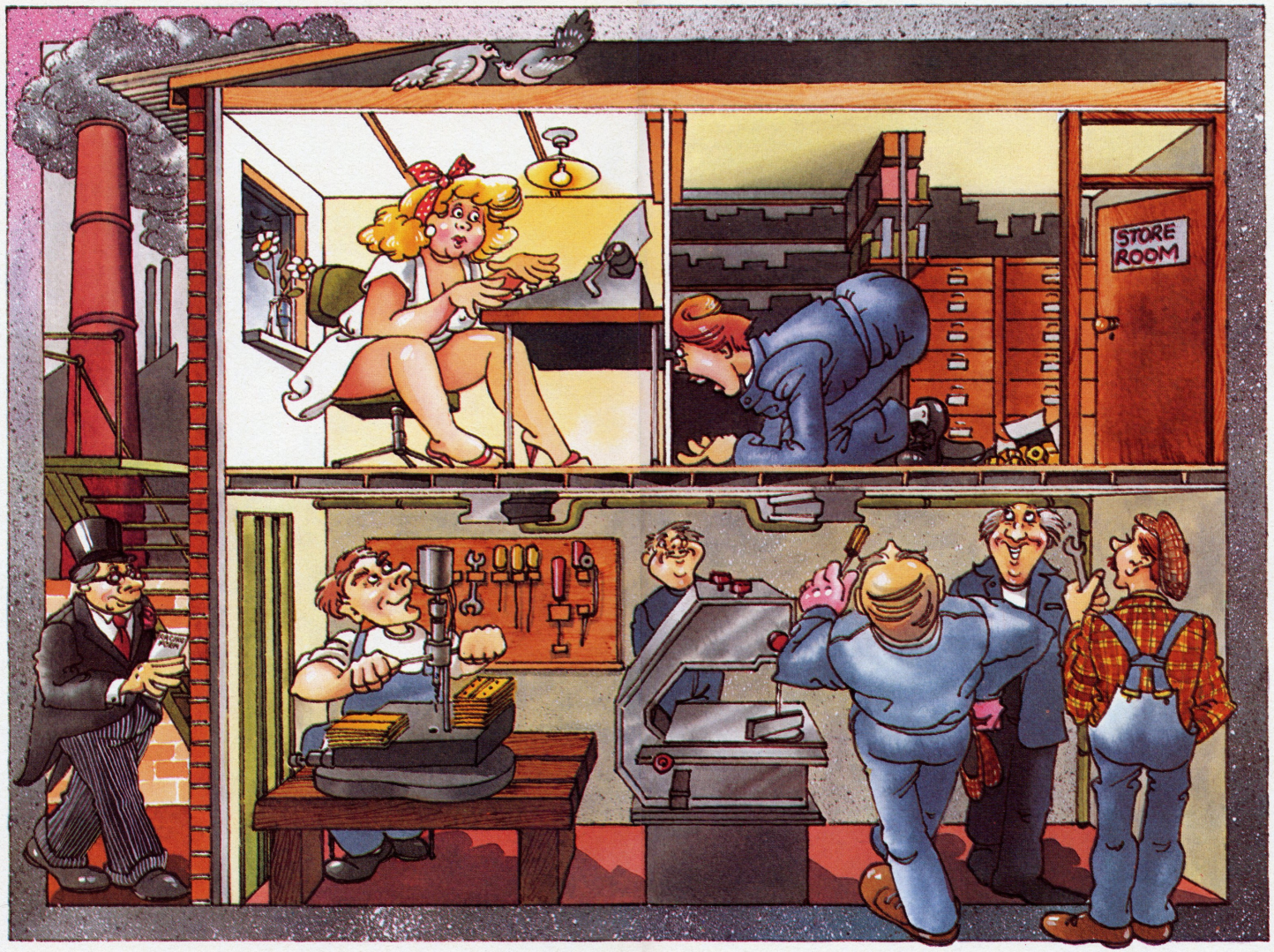


ILLUSTRATION BY TERI GOWER

For me, the grammar school, to which I'd been sternly sent at the age of eleven, proved less than a total success. I'd been sent there, rooted out of a fairly easy going and totally uproductive career at a minor village school by my dictatorial accountant father. He was actually prepared to pay fees in the belief that the 'discipline!' and academic pressures at this establishment might miraculously cause me to 'pull up my socks'.

He was strictly a hair shirt man himself – up at 6am summer and winter for a session of deep breathing exercises followed by what he called 'physical jerks', pleasantly rounded off by total immersion in a bath of ice cold water, prior to a 12 hour day toiling in the mysterious world of accountancy. The evening being devoted to the church or some other worthy committee.

He seemed surprised and aggrieved that I showed no actual eagerness to join him in these early morning frolics, and would treat me to enraged dressing-downs on idleness and similar subjects, punctuated by a few improving swipes across my chops. I gathered that it was something to do with 'making a man' of me.

The conscription to grammar school then, was to be another stage in this splendid work of character building. It failed, in fact, to teach me anything more than the gentle art of masturbation – a favourite and prestigious sport among the pupils, but not unfortunately included in the official curriculum.

Instead, my father having decided by my fourteenth birthday to cease throwing good money after bad, took me away from school, and apprenticed me to a client of his who had a small engineering business in a dismal back street in a small northern mill town, and a quarter mile from the parental office.

Any relief and joy that I felt at being removed from the endless prospect of detentions and canings was swiftly dashed by the sheer God-awfulness of that place. It was as though three or four *Coronation Street* type cottages had been knocked into one. It was packed with ancient flat-belt drive lathes, milling machines, drilling machines and so on, which made an appalling din, and staffed with a half dozen artisans who regarded me as being some juvenile blue-blood.

It was 1940, and the place was flat out on 'war work', making long-run batches of small sub-contracted parts for aircraft. I was paid nine shillings a week, and for that I was expected to spend 45 hours standing at a huge and rackety old pillar drill, drilling and reamering the same two holes in an endless flow of elevator hinge brackets. I was bored out of my mind, and frustrated into hitherto unplumbed depths of depression. And this wasn't helped by the fact that my father made my mother take more than half of the nine shillings off me towards my keep.

I was, of course, supposed to be an apprentice, learning the various aspects of the general engineering trade – which would have been no bad thing. But the proprietor wasn't noticeably interested in furthering the advancement of a gangling adolescent who'd been thrust upon him. He was an irascible portly bustling little man who wore large round horn rimmed spectacles, and for that place, a totally incongruous morning suit. He always reminded me of a frog in pinstripes.

I spent 18 miserable months allotted to that bloody machine, suffering nightmares of ever greater avalanches of elevator hinge brackets sliding down to engulf me.

Depression in me grew and deepened week by din-filled week. Each night I found myself irresistibly drawn to forlorn masturbation. It seemed the only pleasure left. And very often I did it on waking up in the mornings too, but the quality of the ecstasy had somehow declined, so I'd even try it again, at work, in the WC – the squalid crumbling brick edifice at the end of the yard, known as 't' privvy'.

In fact I found myself spending rather a lot of time there, which was something not unnoticed by my employer, who had an annoying tendency to want to use it himself.

But then, after I had been at that hideous place about ten months, Ethel, or more properly, Miss Braithwaite arrived, sent by a relenting Diety to revitalise my sex-life. Though she was never to know it, her ample and hairy pudenda with skimpy knickers disappearing conveniently therein, was to prove a most valued source of inspiration.

She was the secretary, a fairly good looker, inclining slightly towards plumpness, and aged about 25. I got the basic message when I happened to be standing under the outside open-work staircase, which ran up the end of the building, giving access to the first floor office. It was a bright and sunny day, and she was wearing a light summer frock with a fairly flared skirt, and when I idly looked upwards as she was on about the sixth step, I was transfixed at the sight of her apparently knickerless bum. I felt my tool surging smartly to attention, or trying to, but being at that moment in the 'down' position, locked by the constriction of my somewhat shrunken boiler suit, it instead fairly doubled me up.

By the time I'd disentangled myself from this painful pose, the vision had vanished into the office, and I was left nursing a sensation of the sheerest lust, and a slight sprain.

For the remainder of that morning, my normal quite high production of elevator hinge brackets was doomed to be scrapped due to abesentminded drilling, and I was immensely glad that 'Frog-in-Pinstripes' was out.

At lunchtime when with the power switched off, and the workshop blissfully quiet, the men sitting around by the workbenches, chewing sandwiches, reading papers, and drinking incredibly strong tea brought in Thermos flasks, I heard the sound of a typewriter from the floor above, and realised that Ethel was still there. An irresistible force seemed to draw me with studied casualness out of the workshop, and into the yard, and continued to draw me up the staircase towards the office. I had no idea what I was going to say if called upon to account for my appearance. But it made no difference – the power of pudenda was pulling me like a Siren's song.

At the little landing just outside the office door, I halted and looked through a grimy window. There she was with her back to me, pounding away at her typewriter at a table close to the opposite wall, and facing it. She was sitting upright with her knees fairly wide apart. As I gazed with a powerful longing at her shapely, if ample, posterior it occurred to me that because the wall she faced was of but a single layer of flimsy plyboard, there were exciting possibilities. On the other side of the wall was the stores normally locked except when someone was fetching some item such as special bolts or pieces of silver steel for the workshop below, and I usually got given that errand. A discreet hold bored through the partition was all that was needed for a personal full-frontal peep-show of Ethel's most private part.

I realised it was, of course, a disgraceful idea. But for once I could hardly wait for the noisy machinery to start up after lunch.

By the late afternoon I was getting extremely frustrated. No one had required *anything* from the stores, which seemed a great pity, especially as my employer, The Frog, was still safely out of the way and no one else was taking the slightest notice of me. Then at around 4.30, when I was just about giving up all hope for the day, the new-found luck reasserted itself. It really did me proud. Harold, a lean morose and perpetually weary looking fitter, with breath like a midden, trudged tiredly across to my machine.

'Alistair,' he said, 'wil't do us a favour, lad?'

'What?' I enquired, leaning back in a bid to escape the full impact of his breath.

'Wilt,' he said, 'goo oop yon,' indicating upstairs, 'and sort me out *two* o' them?'

As he plonked for my guidance on the table of the drill a peculiarly machined small threaded object, a special purpose bolt of some sort, my heart leaped, and I found myself beginning to form a warm affection for him.

'They're wanted,' he explained, 'fu't morning.'

'Certainly Harold,' I replied, snatching it up

with an alacrity that startled him, and commencing to make off in the direction of the nail whereon hung the stores' key.

'Ay, there's no need ter goo mad, lad,' he averred. 'Th'owd bastard's out. 'E's gone fu't day. Gone racin' ah reckon. 'E does tha' knows,' he added bitterly. 'Aye – quite *often* 'e goes racin'. Leaves *us* workin' us bleedin' balls off just ter make *'im* money! War Effort 'e talks about. Ha! 'ope he loses a fuckin' packet. 'Ope *'is* balls drops off. Thee tek tha' time, lad. Tek tha' time. Tha's got a lot o' sortin' out ter do ter find o' them screws just reet size. Some lousy bugger's mixed trays oop! Reckon it were *'im*,' he scowled, evidently returning to the assault on our fun-loving employer. 'Just rotten sort er bloody thing 'e *would* do.'

Being myself the lousy bugger who'd mixed up the trays of parts when looking for something else a few days previously, I tried to look suitably despairing, and bade him a sympathetic 'au revoir'.

As I lifted the stores key off its hook, and palmed a sharp pointed scriber from the bench, I couldn't help reflecting briefly what a truly nice chap he was. Always liked him, I realised. I hurried out into the yard, shot up the outside staircase, and strode briskly along the landing, casting an eyeball-straining sidelong glance through the window at Ethel's unsuspecting back as she sat typing away, and thence into the main door of the upper storey of the building.

I clumped along with deliberate noisiness, being after all on legitimate business. There'd be no guilty creeping and scuffling sounds to arouse the fair Ethel's suspicions. In some respects at least, I was no fool.

Unlocking and flinging open the stores door with a firm and honest hand, I strode into the small room, and promptly kicked over a large cylindrical tin of small brass nuts which noisily cascaded across the floor. But it could hardly have been better, I realised, saying 'Damn!' as though to myself but in fact for Ethel's benefit. Now, I had a perfect excuse to be kneeling by the partition.

With the sounds of Ethel's typewriter still chattering away, I knelt, and started picking up brass nuts with my left hand, and dropping them loudly back into the can, whilst with my right, I moved aside a spare sheet of mouldering plywood which was leaning against the partition, obscuring what I estimated to be the target area.

I was just doing a mental calculation as to the best spot for a trial boring when it dawned that mine wasn't the only great mind to have worked along these lines. Someone had beaten me to it!

Already in the partition was a tiny hole, no bigger than that made by a fairly fine nail, but somehow, clearly not a nail hole, and when I cautiously put my eye to it, there, a yard away, and smiling straight back at me in all its glory from between a pair of nicely parted stockinged-and-suspendered thighs was Ethel's most fascinating feminine feature. It was well illuminated by bright sunlight flooding the room through large, if grimy, skylights, and penetrating the flimsy whitish fabric of her dress.

The knickers were scarcely even worthy of the name. More like a frivolous G-string, not even obscuring her Mound of Venus, and then most considerately disappearing between her labial lips.

'Corr!' I thought, the poet in me touched. 'What a *beaut*!' With my eager eye still focussed firmly on the peep-show, and my left hand somehow continuing to pick up brass nuts, and slowly dropping them, anywhere, my 'chopper' (a newly discovered alternative name for the male member) emerged magically through the flies of my boiler suit, and in tremendous form. It seemed already close to blowing its top, and no sooner had I managed wisely to encase it in my hanky, and apply a couple of craftsmanlike strokes, than it erupted with a force that seemingly, had I not hung on hard, might well have blasted the square of Marks and Spencer cotton out of my grasp, and pasted it to the ceiling.

After a brief but vital convalescence, my eye returned to the peep-hole. My Holy Grotto was still there as before, lit by the pubic glory.

A novel sensation of glowing warmth, as of love, flowed through me to envelop the whole enchanting arrangement, including the fair Ethel in toto, and it seemed that for a brief moment she faltered, as though sensing something slightly spiritual in the atmosphere. . .

The purity of this fine emotion was marred only in the very slightest by a background feeling of guilt, and some urgency as to the need to clean up, clear up, and clear off before the outside world and retribution could intrude. This I swiftly did, somehow finding the two special bolts for my good friend Harold, without more than barely noticing the fact.

I'd replaced the sheet of spare plywood, handling it with a care close to reverence, and an artist's skill to show no disturbance of grime and dust. I closed the door of the stores with a gentle firmness, locking away from a crude and profane world my private icon. It had been a marvellous, most successful day, worth in fact coming to work. I had every intention of repeating it. Frequently.

'Ignore that peak— someone put their hand up her skirt that day.'

Back down in the workshop, Harold said, 'Thanks lad. Well done. Took a bit o' findin' – eh?' I nodded solemnly, admitting to the implied appalling difficulties that I'd overcome. I was even beginning to hope that the ever looming likelihood of my getting the sack might be delayed, and that the fetching of bits and pieces from those stores might become my full-time responsibility.

Harold said, 'Is it still oop theer?' and paused enquiringly. '*Tha'* knows. *Quim*!' I felt that I might just know what he meant, but responded with a fair impression of totally innocent puzzlement. ''*Ers*,' he said. 'Eth's!' and he winked with a revoltingly evil lasciviousness. 'Come off it lad! *Tha'* knows! Tha' knows about yon spy 'ole. Tha's bin peepin' at 'er quim!'

'Pardon?' I queried, a light dew of perspiration dampening my features.

'*Ethel's quim*,' he answered hoarsely. 'Fat arsed Ethel's! Luvly though in it? Ah reckon it smells a *treat*. She's my wife's niece, tha' knows. Stuck oop little cow!'

I listened aghast and spellbound as Harold in full enthusiastic spate went on. 'Ah say! Grand little twat though, i'n't it? Reet juicy 'un. Well it *were* 'er fust day 'ere when us all 'ad a look.' He was evidently referring to the entire workforce – excepting me! My feelings towards Harold and his lewd unprincipled depraved colleagues chilled with incredulous horror. How *could* they?

'Wouldn't tha' just luv ter shag it?' he enquired, making an obscenely suggestive gesture. 'Ah would!' He seemed to be hoping for an answer.

'Ee, tha's blushin'!' he croaked, and looked around to see which of our fellow toilers' attentions he could draw to it. Suddenly, it seemed incredible to me that I could ever have found myself liking Harold.

Several of the others seemed, despite the din, to have caught the drift of his pantomime, and between glances ceilingwards grinned knowingly at me. I blushed a fire-engine red.

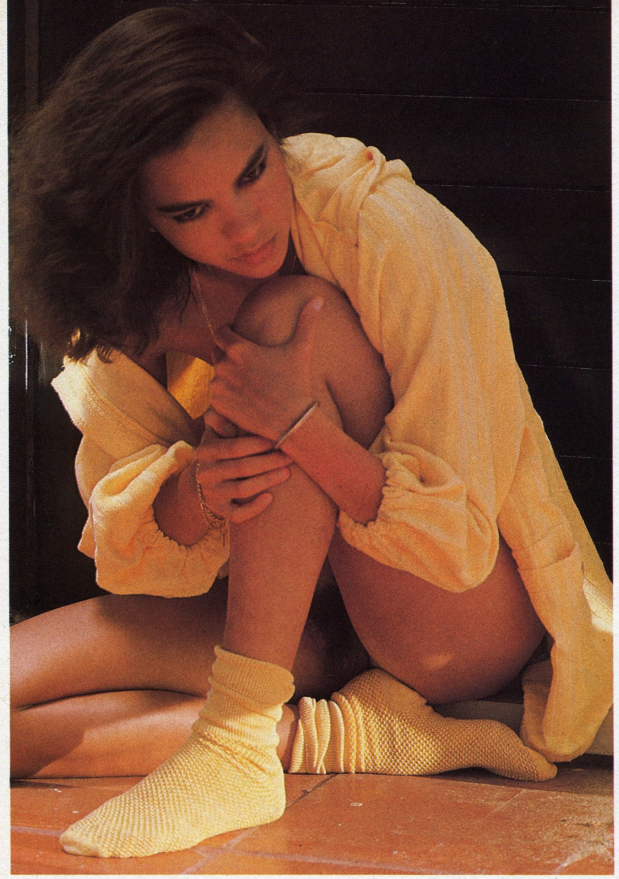
'Corr!' resumed Harold, changing his stance to grasp the crotch of his boiler suit, as though to restrain something huge and violently struggling. 'Tha' knows bloody well what ah'm takin' on! Ah bet tha' wanks tha'sel' daft o' neets – just dreamin' o' yon!' He limped away, chortling, still grasping himself, and pretending a stiff leg.

The other men guffawed appreciatively, competing with the din of the machinery, and the drops of sweat swelled and rolled right down my face to drip off my nose and chin.

For the first time ever I was glad to have the large pillar drill and the elevator hinge brackets to return to, to cover my confusion.

That night though, in bed, I had to concede that Harold did have amazing powers of prophecy. It took me several hours to get to sleep. I used up several of the small cache of hankies which I kept handily under the edge of my mattress, to the puzzlement of my mother.

'Catarrh,' I eventually told her. 'I get it a lot in the night. It's the smell at the workshop.'



Ruth

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHEL MOREAU

It's more than our job's worth to reveal exactly where sultry 21-year-old Ruth Joseph works. For 34-22-34 Ruth spends three days a week behind the counter of her local Job Centre, answering enquiries. 'I don't want people quitting their jobs just to come and see me,' she joked. What we can tell you is that Ruth prides herself on her Geordie upbringing, and still has that familiar lilt to her voice. 'Actually, I'm from Teeside,' she said, 'born and brought up in Guisborough, near the north Yorkshire moors. It's a wonderfully remote area.' But it is too quiet for her these days. 'No, much as I love it, I do like a few nights out on the town,' she said. 'And a chance to meet men socially for once.'

But Ruth's social life does not revolve around discos and night clubs. She much prefers classical concerts, and gets annoyed at people who accuse serious music lovers of being stuffy. 'Some of the horniest guys I know are concert-goers,' she told us. 'And the music is great for . . . well you know! I recommend Tchaikovsky, so long as you're fairly athletic.' It's not surprising then that the hi-fi figures prominently in Ruth's lounge, Tchaikovsky is the topmost record.

Ruth's other great passion is *cordon bleu* cookery. 'There's no doubt that the way to a man's part is through his stomach,' she laughed. 'Mind you most of them still smother their meals in ketchup – even Chinese.' And with her food, she likes a good wine. 'Something sweet,' she said, 'like me.'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Sixteen

The 'Last Tango' syndrome – a relationship dominated exclusively by mutual sexual attraction – is something most men dream about. Quest talks to three people who experienced the reality

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

PERSONNEL ASSISTANT, 25 years old, blonde, town of origin Hong Kong

This interviewee was born overseas while her father worked as a civil servant. She spent most of her childhood at boarding school and now shares a flat with her boyfriend.

Quest: Do you believe that sexual relationships outside marriage can continue intermittently over a long period of time?

Assistant: Yes, I believe that. I remember a woman in her fifties I worked with once. She'd been in this same firm since leaving school. She wasn't unattractive, but she'd never married. One day – I think it was some kind of office party – she got drunk, and she told me that shortly after she joined there'd been some office celebration, and a man who was now the senior partner caught her on her own in one of the filing stores, and jumped on her. Not just a quick cuddle, either. He had her stretched out on the lino, screwing her. By the sound of it both pretended to be drunker than they were. He was married, and nothing more came of it. Except that it had happened again, about half a dozen times, since. It was almost a ritual. And this poor woman spent most of the year pining for this one moment when her boss could summon up enough alcohol to screw her. I thought that was appalling.

Quest: So you don't see yourself in that kind of intermittent sexual relationship.

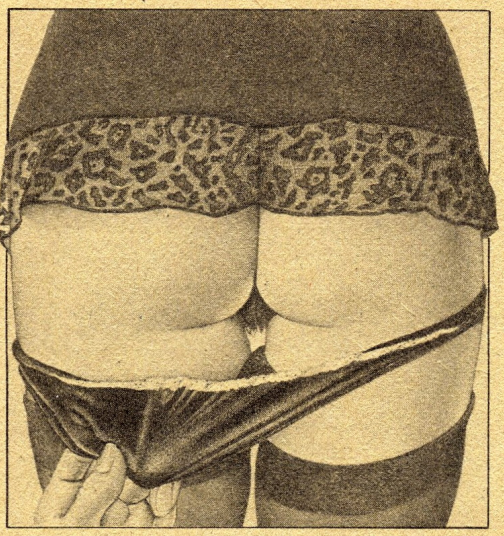
Assistant: It depends what you mean by sexual relationship. You can have relationships which are ninety per cent *relationships*, and sex is just there because it's easier to do it than not. What I think you mean is relationships that are ninety per cent sexual – where you still couldn't resist tearing your knickers off for some man who'd ignored you for a year or more.

Quest: You're speaking from personal experience?

Assistant: You know I am. It's my Great Sex Confession.

Quest: Can you tell me about it?

Assistant: It was a guy called Ian I met at a Christmas do my boyfriend's company had about two years ago. He was thirty-two, not even especially good-looking, but



there was an instant very strong physical attraction. Then a couple of days after Christmas he rang me at the flat – luckily Howard, my boyfriend, was still at his parents for the holiday. Ian invited me for a drink at a small company flat he used. I went round that evening and everything happened instantly. I took my coat off, and I thought he was lifting up his hands to take it. But instead he put both of them on my breasts. I was wearing a silk blouse and a bra, but I could feel the warmth of his hands through the material. I just went icy. Then he said, 'I'd like to see you naked.'

Quest: Did he?

Assistant: He unbuttoned my blouse, quite slowly and deliberately. He peeled the back off my shoulders then he went straight to my bra and my boobs just tumbled into his hands. He cupped them in his palms and my nipples popped up like press studs – I could hardly pretend I wasn't turned on. Then he bent down, and kissed each of them. Then he reached behind my skirt and unzipped it, and I thought, 'Hang on. What would mummy say about all this? It oughtn't to be this easy.' He must have felt me tense because he asked what was wrong – that didn't stop him carefully pulling down my skirt. I said something feeble about getting to know each other first, which I didn't mean. He said, 'Can't we do that afterwards' I want to fuck you first.' I think that was very daring, saying it as crudely as that. But Ian was describing exactly what he felt, what I felt too. And as he said it he pulled my skirt and my knickers and tights down in one quick go.

Quest: You weren't nervous at that point?

Assistant: I was nervous all the time! But he moved so deliberately he didn't give me time to think. The moment I knew my pussy was exposed he knelt down and started nuzzling me. Then he ran his tongue very lightly along the edge of my slit, and I almost screamed. I thought my insides were turning liquid. That was a good move too, because he wasn't, actually, that fantastic at screwing as such – he tended to get a bit over-excited. But he was marvellous with his tongue, down there. After five minutes of that he could have had me seventeen different ways, and I'd have loved it.

Quest: Did he?

Assistant: More or less! At one point his tongue was darting in and out of me so fast I thought he *was* fucking me properly. I had to open my eyes to check.

Quest: Did you climax?

Assistant: He took me right to the edge and he kept me there. I was so het up I didn't know where I was. My knees were just buckling under me. I remember him catching me under my arms, and lowering me onto the carpet. Then he was gone, and for one awful moment I thought that was it. But he slipped back on top of me, and he was naked like me, and I felt his really hard, warm skin – he had a good body, he looked after it. And that great thick hard *thing* nudging against my thighs. I wanted to touch it before he put it in me, feel it run through my own fingers as it slid into my pussy. But we didn't quite manage that! He came in with a great rush which nearly lifted me off the floor. Then he folded back my legs, and went really deep. And he started to hump me, very fast and furious – which was exactly what I wanted then – I think we must have bumped about four feet across the floor! My climax started very slowly and just went up and up until I couldn't believe it – I was practically sobbing. And I hung on and hung on, waiting for him, and then he burst inside me. I'm convinced, thinking back, I actually felt him spurting right inside, which is impossible.

> 'Suddenly he was holding my breasts, and kissing them. I kept thinking it shouldn't be that quick and easy'

The whole thing was just devastating. It was only later I remember that he hadn't even asked if I was on the Pill. Luckily I was.

Quest: How often was this repeated?

Assistant: Two or three times a month. Never with any notice, perhaps half an hour at most. It was awkward for Ian, though, because he had a wife and a baby. I felt a bit guilty about that, even though he told me his wife had gone right off sex after the birth.

Quest: What about Howard?

Assistant: Howard and I have an arrangement. I'm sure he sees other women too, but it's not anything I'd ask about.

Quest: That sounds very liberated.

Assistant: It's just sensible. We're very fond of each other but neither of us wants to settle down yet.

Quest: But your arrangement isn't platonic?

Assistant: No, of course not. It's only a one-bedroom flat. That makes the point I mentioned earlier. Sex is about fifty-fifty of what Howard and I have. There's an old boyfriend, who lives in the country near my parents. I stay with him sometimes and I wouldn't dream of not sleeping in the same bed with him.

Quest: And you have sex with him?

Assistant: If we want to. It doesn't happen that often – we had our big fling six or seven years ago. But that *sexual* relationship is only five per cent, ten per cent sex at the most. Basically we're old friends.

Quest: But not Ian?

Assistant: I don't think I had a continuous conversation with Ian during that whole year, beyond 'Do me now' or 'Push harder!'

Quest: Who left who?

Assistant: Ian went abroad on business for six months. He didn't call when he got back.

Quest: And if he rang you again tomorrow?

Assistant: I'd probably go.

Quest: And what about in ten or twenty years time, like your lady in the office?

Assistant: Oh God, now that would be a test!

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

CIVIL ENGINEEER, 30 years old, town of origin Falmouth

This male interviewee took a science degree before entering his current field. He is married with a young child and travels widely on business.

Quest: Do you think there is such a thing as a purely sexual relationship?

Engineer: For a man, I think, yes or the ladies of the night would be out of work. I used to think women were the same – or certain women, at least. But I don't think so now. It might work for a one-night stand, but I wouldn't really count that as a relationship. That's more of an encounter.

Quest: You have thought about it a lot.

Engineer: Well, you're going to ask me about Nicola, aren't you?

Quest: Your student days' landlady?

Engineer: Naughty Nicola, every overgrown adolescent's dream landlady. No, that doesn't really do her justice. I'll just say she was a lot of fun.

Quest: What changed your opinion?

Engineer: I don't know about you, but for me there's a certain type of woman who is usually quite pretty, though not always, but she looks as if she would enjoy a good seeing-to, not to put too fine a point on it. I can always recognise it – and you can see it in anyone from sixteen to sixty.

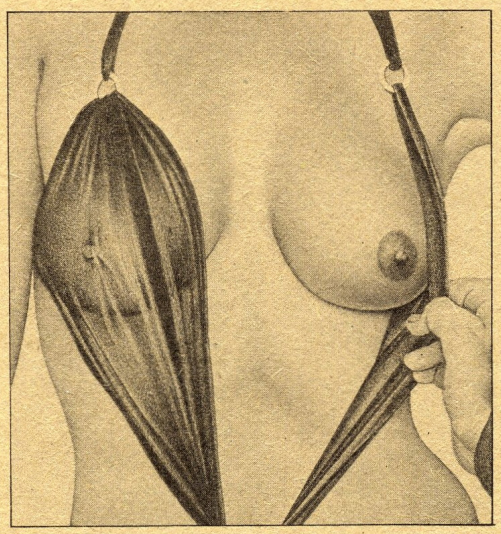
Quest: And Nicola signalled that?

Engineer: Yes, though I didn't recognise it at first. She must have been about thirty-one, thirty-two then, a good ten years older than me. I was too busy panting after girls my own age. I could see that she was an attractive woman. She was blonde with a faintly exotic face – I think there must have been some Italian in there. I could never really understand why she'd married her husband, who was a bit of a pig, and at least fifteen years older than her. She could have done a bit better than him and that fairly grotty lodging house.

Quest: When did you first take a sexual interest in her?

Engineer: Well I took a sexual interest in just about everything female then, but I started to take a special interest during my first year. She favoured the tight sweater, tight skirt look. She was quite short but she had a good figure. There were four students in the house, and a couple of us used to take bets on how much nipple we'd see through the sweater each morning. You'd almost always see the outline of her bra, no matter what top she wore, and if it was a chill morning you'd get a bit extra. I must admit she did inspire a few late night fantasies.

Quest: What about the other way round?



Engineer: Oh I don't know. I don't think anyone was paying her visits when hubby was away – not among the lodgers anyway. She wasn't unfriendly. She even came down to the pub a couple of times with us, but only for half an hour or so. We never got round to carrying her home pissed and having it away with her. I'm not surprised really. We were a pretty virginal lot.

Quest: Including yourself?

Engineer: Oh yes.

Quest: So what prompted the change in your relationship with your landlady?

Engineer: It was something that happened during my second year. There was a girl in my faculty who was absolutely gorgeous. I'd been lusting after her for ages, but she lived with someone. Then one evening she was with a group of us in a pub, and she seemed fairly down and drinking quite a bit. And it just happened that she and I were left when everyone moved on. It turned out she'd bust up with her boyfriend the night before, and didn't want to go back to their flat. So I offered to share my room – just for the night – and to my amazement she accepted.

Quest: You anticipated sexual hi jinks?

Engineer: Wouldn't you? You'd at least live in hope. It didn't work out like that, of course. I made some feeble joke about it being cosier if we shared the bed. She very sweetly explained that she was still too much involved with the boyfriend to think about any other relationship, but she was flattered I'd asked. One of the biggest problems was that guests weren't allowed after eleven, which meant I had to sneak my lady friend out early the next morning. And we walked straight into Nicola on the stairs. All we said was good morning. I thought I'd blown it because digs at that price weren't easy to find even then. But Nicola said nothing for about two days, then she caught me after breakfast, and said she didn't mind if I had an occasional fling. Then she added, 'I hope she was worth it,' and smiled.

Quest: So you'd proved yourself to her?

Engineer: Evidently. If I could pull stunners like my friend, then I obviously wasn't the idiot I looked. It's odd. That summer I had a string of good, sexual-type things happen to me. I used to notice it going in phases like that when I was single. Three, four, five months you couldn't get yourself arrested. Then suddenly women would be popping out the woodwork.

Quest: And Nicola popped?

Engineer: It helped that I was staying on after the end of term to do vacation work for the company I eventually joined. Nicola did bed and breakfast then, but often when Nicola's hubby was off on a trip we'd have the place to ourselves. Because I started work early we had an arrangement for her to wake me if I overslept, which meant that she'd pop her head round the bedroom door.

Quest: Go on.

Engineer: It was warm at night and I'd usually make do with a single sheet and obviously no pyjamas. One morning the sun woke me very early and I remember dozing off, and having the kind of very vivid dreams you can get like that. Very erotic dream because in it I could feel myself starting to ejaculate. The next thing I knew I was awake, feeling extremely uncomfortable, and there was someone in the room. Nicola was pulling the curtain all the way across. Then I looked down, and sticking up from under the edge of my sheet was a thundering great erection. All this happened in seconds and I was confused anyway. I didn't even have time to roll onto my tummy. Nicola was marching towards the door, and smiling. 'I wouldn't worry about that, love,' she said. 'Stranger things happen at sea.'

Quest: She smiled?

Engineer: I'm not saying the sight of my John Thomas in full glory drove her wild. But there wasn't much point in manly modesty after that. And I had the feeling something would happen.

Quest: And did it?

Engineer: It was quite soon afterwards, when we had the house to ourselves. I'd just had a bath in this poky little bathroom which was virtually in the attic. There was a tiny, twisting staircase up to it. I bumped straight into Nicola who was walking up.

> 'She undid me and took off her skirt. She made me do it there, stark naked, on the kitchen table'

Quest: What were you wearing?

Engineer: Either a dressing gown or just a towel, I can't remember. Nicola was in the tightest tee-shirt I'd seen her wear. For a minute I thought she didn't have a bra on underneath, then I realised she couldn't have stuck out like that unsupported. She had good breasts but they tended to be quite loose. Before I could think what I was doing, I kissed her. Lust made me do it but it wasn't a kind of heavy-breathing, got-to-get-it-wet-or-die thing. It was more a sort of instant affectionate gesture. If she'd just told me not to be silly I'd have been quite happy.

Quest: But she didn't?

Engineer: She backed off in surprise, and then her eyes sort of clouded over, as if she'd finally got me where she wanted me, and suddenly it was the big clinch. Lovely, wet, probing kiss, tits rubbing into my chest, hands on my bum. I didn't know what had hit me! My cock went up like a distress rocket. Even then I thought it might just be my lucky snogging day, but the moment we came up for air, she grasped my hand, and said, 'Come on, it's quieter in here,' and led me down to the room at the foot of the stairs. She took her tee-shirt off and then asked me to help her with her bra. We were under the sheets in less than a minute, and we were fucking more or less straightaway. I remember her grasping my cock and feeding it into her pussy – she was burning down there. And she was virtually humping me, pumping herself up and down on my root, even though she was underneath. It was like being raped. Fantastic!

Quest: Did this happen often?

Engineer: There were different stages. For that vacation she was really in charge. She'd come to me two or three times a week, usually when hubby was away, and we'd screw in my bed for an hour or two. That was mostly in the evenings, once in the middle of the night, when she crept down. But that was the sort of training phase – she was teaching me what turned her on. How she liked her bottom touched while I stroked her clitty, how she liked little, short, hard humps after a series of long ones ... I was a very keen student! Then, when the new term began and I was more confident, I suppose, the balance shifted, and I was suggesting things, which she liked. In the end we were encouraging each other to be more outrageous.

Quest: Can you give an example?

Engineer: I think it started when she opened my curtains one morning, and I got out of bed and grabbed her, while she was looking out the window. She made a big fuss about ruining breakfast but she didn't stop me. Another time I stayed in the kitchen after breakfast and I dared her to unzip me and suck me off.

Quest: Did she?

Engineer: Oh she unzipped me, and then she started pulling my trousers off and undoing my shirt. The next thing I knew she was unzipping her skirt. She wanted to do it, there and then, starkers on the kitchen table. Neighbours were always popping around. But we did it, grunting and groaning away between the marmalade and the butter. The worst, though, was when hubby was home. I got up in the early hours for the loo, and I met Nicola fetching a glass of water from the kitchen. So I lured her into my room, and we fucked on my bed. We both knew we were being stupid. Then halfway through we heard hubby stomping downstairs – their bedroom was right overhead. Nicola sneaked out when he'd gone past. She told me later he'd said, 'Oh there you are. You know, I think that little twerp in number four's got a woman in there.' Nicola had laughed: 'You must be dreaming. He'd never have the gumption.' That was classic.

Quest: Did the relationship continue?

Engineer: It was nearly three years in all. When I left the next summer I missed the sex but I didn't really miss Nicola. But my company was based in the south, and I'd be in town every couple of months, so I'd ring up and if hubby was away I'd pop round. I didn't stay though. I assumed she had 'arrangements' with new tenants.

Quest: But she didn't?

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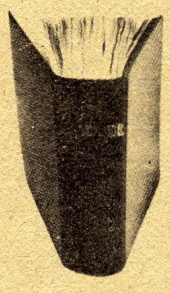

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Engineer: I don't think she did. The problem is if you're young and male, and some woman is giving you marvellous sex for the first time you don't tend to look beyond that. You take it for granted. I did until I turned up at very short notice once – she'd been a bit quiet on the phone. We went to bed and I was actually slipping into her when she burst into tears. Apparently hubby had stormed off because he'd found out she was knocking somebody else off. That didn't surprise me, but I eventually gathered that the incriminating evidence was some notes I'd left with her which she'd obviously kept.

Quest: Kept for sentimental reasons?

Engineer: Draw your own conclusions. I'm afraid I panicked a bit. We'd never had any of this emotional stuff before, and I really couldn't cope with it. That was the excuse I made then, but it's broadly true, I still think. I still feel a shit. I went back about a year later, just on impulse. She opened the door to me but she was quite cold. She was also pregnant. Then this fellow I'd never seen before – about her own age – appeared and acted shirty, and I left. So pure sex is never as pure as you think it is. You can have a good time looking for it, though!

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

HEALTH VISITOR, 28 years old, brunette, town of origin Oxford

This interviewee trained as a nurse after leaving school and became a health visitor after working in a large general hospital. She married at the age of 24 and recently gave up work to have her first child.

Quest: I think this must be the first time we've talked to a woman who has made love to the wedding photographer at her own wedding.

Visitor: We didn't make love, we had sex. Even that sounds too comfortable. We fucked, not to put too fine a point on it. I just let him fuck me.

Quest: Presumably you were in love with your husband at the time?

Visitor: Very much in love. I still am.

Quest: And you had a good sex life?

Visitor: Very good.

Quest: Did he know what you did at the wedding?

Visitor: No! Good God, I'm only telling you because I felt I had to tell someone.

Quest: You seem to me to be very contrite about the whole thing. Are you afraid your husband wouldn't understand or wouldn't forgive you if you told him?

Visitor: No, that doesn't worry me. I know Graham would be very very hurt if I told him but I think he would forgive me. The point is, *I* wouldn't forgive myself.

Quest: You'll have to explain.

Visitor: If I confessed it all to Graham I wouldn't just be saying I was naughty once – I had one bad lapse when I didn't know what I was doing. I *did* know what I was doing. When Brian came into the bedroom when I was changing, and started touching me I *wanted* him to. I wanted him to lift up my wedding dress, and pull down my knickers and – fuck – me like that, leaning over the bed, knowing anyone – Graham – my mother! – could have burst in at any second. I mean, I knew I was being dishonest and despicable and wicked but there was still enough of me just dying for it. I still can't find any way to explain that to Graham without it sounding like there are bits of me our lovemaking will never reach – and he won't have any defence against that. There *are* bits of me he can't touch, but they're bits that I don't like and I really don't need.

Quest: Would you tell me more fully about your sex life!

Visitor: It began with Robert who I knew since I was fat and frumpy, but he thought I was beautiful. Robert was Brian's younger brother – by four years. Which made Brian a whole twenty-three years old! I mean – the height of maturity when you're only sixteen. Brian had a Triumph TR6, and marvellous-looking girlfriends.

Quest: You sound as if you had a crush on Brian and not Robert.

Visitor: I did and I didn't. For a start Brian didn't take that much notice of me. But if he had I couldn't really have coped – not at that age. He was very quick-witted and forceful and funny. He never seemed to be in any job longer than a few months – it was usually to do with selling or photography – photography was the one thing he did take seriously. But he always seemed to be throwing money around. I suppose I was a bit afraid of him. I wasn't afraid of Robert. Strangely enough, Robert was the better looking of the two, but he was much quieter, much more manageable.

Quest: Did that include sexually?

Visitor: We were both fairly virginal, so there wasn't much mad leaping about. Also we were both living at home, so naughties generally meant curling up in my little bed when my parents were out, with one ear on the front door.

Quest: Didn't you find that frustrating?

Visitor: *Robert* did. He was very right and proper. No, that's unfair. He wanted to do things properly, so when we got engaged we had to have a mortgage lined up and a ring and the wedding planned. I was only nineteen by then, anyway. Much too young to settle down.

Quest: Which is why you argued?

Visitor: And broke up, eventually. I really needed to kick over the traces a little.

Quest: With Brian?

Visitor: Brian was around, obviously. I thought I had the measure of him by then. He flirted a lot and seemed interested, but he did that with every girl. He was attractive but he was too dangerous to take seriously. That's why he was attractive, I suppose.

Quest: Dangerous in what way?

Visitor: Emotionally. He obviously could give you a really good time, but he'd be totally unreliable. And he'd always try and shock you too. I remember when he was going out with a girl called Leah. The name was perfect. She was very very attractive, but in quite a tarty way. That sounds bitchier than I mean. She was a sort of obvious glamour model type. And in fact Brian was taking nude pictures of her and trying to sell them. They were both quite open about it. I think Leah meant us to be impressed, which struck me as a bit silly. I don't think she was

very bright. Brian was doing a lot of weddings and portraits by now. He annoyed Robert by suggesting I pose for him all the time.

Quest: Were you tempted?

Visitor: Not while I was sober!

Quest: But while you were otherwise?

Visitor: Upset and fed up as well as squiffy. It was really after Robert and I had broken up. We only had one really big row, and it was a long time coming. A friend at the hospital offered us the chance of a weekend alone in a cottage they had in Wales. But Robert insisted we stay to go to church and hear our banns read – we were that far advanced. I just blew up. We hadn't even been alone on our summer holidays because his parents took us to Majorca. I stormed out – we'd been at his parents' home – and I just got out of the drive when Brian drove up. We got talking.

Quest: With what result?

Visitor: He took me out to dinner. Not immediately. We had a drink first – it was early evening. I just wanted a shoulder to cry on.

Quest: Did he make any advances?

Visitor: We started talking about taking rude pictures, or what I thought were rude pictures. He told me he'd photographed quite a few girls apart from Leah, and sold a lot of sets too. I was asking him where he found the girls, and he said they were friends, girls he met at parties, ordinary attractive girls like me: that was his description. I assumed it was just a line.

Quest: Because of his character?

Visitor: And what I thought about nudie pictures generally. I'll probably offend you terribly but I always assumed girls who took their clothes off for photographers were asking for sex, and that's what usually happened. And the photographers were super-experienced Romeos. I couldn't believe either of them could be professional about it. I mean, if the fellow got excited how could you stop him if you were naked? And if the girl was turned on, what fellow would say no?

Quest: So agreeing to pose nude, for you, was agreeing to have intercourse?

Visitor: Yes – then. I thought it was an excuse to get my knickers off. I don't now.

Quest: And you agreed to pose for Brian?

Visitor: I forced him, really. I expect I was very drunk. I let him take me back to this flat. I found his camera in the living room. Then I asked him if he really thought I was good enough for his sort of pictures. So he offered to try a few and got out a Polaroid. I sort of lolled around on the sofa while he snapped away, and I undid a few buttons on my blouse. Then, when he went to get some more drinks I took my blouse off. Then I thought I'd look silly sitting there in a bra and skirt, so I took my bra off.

Quest: Didn't that strike you as blatant?

Visitor: Oh completely, but it didn't matter because I thought girls were doing that with Brian all the time. I expected girls like Leah to do it almost automatically. I *was* very drunk. And of course when Brian came back he looked surprised but he said my boobs were fantastic! So I was really pleased.

Quest: So what happened?

Visitor: He went on taking snaps. Then he said, 'Well, that'll be fine for now.' I thought he meant that was enough topless pictures so I started to take my skirt off. He looked at me oddly. He said, 'I'm not sure if Robert'll think this is a good idea.' I didn't know why he said that. I said I didn't think it had anything to do with Robert. Then I made him turn his back while I took my pants off.

Quest: Presumably you were naked by then?

Visitor: Oh completely. Then I did feel a bit nervous because I thought Brian must have seen so many pretty girls with really superb figures. So I decided to be naughty.

Quest: In what way?

Visitor: I had my knees together, up on the sofa, and I asked him if he was going to take

> 'He just did me, we didn't even kiss first. He slid down my panties, and slipped into me'

any pictures of me with them apart, because I didn't want to show anything I shouldn't. He said it was up to me.

Quest: What effect did that have on you?

Visitor: I gradually let my knee down so that he could see all of me.

Quest: What were you feeling during all this?

Visitor: I was on cloud nine! I felt like I was running naked down the high street. I couldn't believe I could be like this.

Quest: Did you expect him to touch you?

Visitor: I couldn't see why he hadn't already. He stood over me, and handed me the polaroids, and a few were really very rude. Then I just made it easy for him.

Quest: How?

Visitor: I started talking about my pubic hair and how tangled it looked. Then I asked him to comb it for me.

Quest: Did he?

Visitor: He reached a comb out of his back pocket– which, of course, I'd noticed – and bent down, and as it touched my mons I remember shuddering. But I said, 'Aren't you really uncomfortable?' And I brought my hand up between his legs and put it on the front of his jeans. I could feel the warmth of his erection! And that was it.

Quest: You made love?

Visitor: He just *did* me. One second he was so taut, the next he was tumbling between my legs, clawing down his jeans, tearing himself out – we didn't even kiss or cuddle. He just jumped and he was ramming into me and humping me, right on the edge of the sofa. He didn't even kick his jeans off, just bent back my legs and went so deep. I remember glimpsing this slick red *thing* pumping in and out of my poor swollen pussy and then I started to climax. I really didn't expect that because it didn't happen with Robert unless he did me by hand, but Brian just kept on and on, and golly, did it happen! I don't even remember him coming because I sort of passed out, but he must have done because I felt it in my knickers on the way home.

Quest: You didn't stay?

Visitor: I woke up, feeling dreadful in the early hours. Brian was asleep next to me. I felt as if I'd gone slightly mad and came sane again. Mostly I felt ashamed, actually. So I dressed in the hall, and crept home. I was terrified it would all come out because, even though Robert and I were breaking up, there was the family. Then I realised I'd left the shots behind and Brian might blackmail me.

Quest: Did he?

Visitor: No – even he wasn't that bad. But he didn't need to be. The mere fact that he'd seen a sort of dark side to me was enough. I couldn't pretend to be a 'nice' girl, whatever that is, with him any more.

Quest: And he took advantage of that?

Visitor: Twice, yes, before I married. Once, when I was training as a health visitor, he arrived out the blue, and stayed the night. The second time was just after I'd started going out with Graham. That was the worst mistake because then he knew Graham wasn't giving me what he did.

Quest: Good sex?

Visitor: More than that. A kind of purely selfish sex, I suppose. Not loving at all. Or even romantic. That was the worst part of it. I didn't even like him very much, not once I knew him. And then when I came home for the wedding my father announces that he has this family friend to do the pictures for us! Brian, of course.

Quest: A friend who seduces you after the ceremony.

Visitor: I was terrified he was going to say something. I knew he wouldn't, but emotionally, having to pose for him again, I was a bag of nerves. It really was like the spectre at the feast. And then, when I was upstairs at the reception hotel, he was suddenly there, pressing himself up behind me, and I could feel him hard through our clothes. I wish I could say he raped me. But it all rolled together – the tension, the past, the fact that he'd even think of trying it. His hands were suddenly lifting the dress over my head, they were unclipping my bra and fondling my breasts, they were sliding down my knickers and feeling between my legs. Then he bent me forward over the bed, and he was slipping his cock into me, and the worst of it was that he made me come. Even then, when I hated him. I really hated him.

Quest: And that was the last time?

Visitor: Oh yes. Because I loathed myself even more for doing it. I think even Brian got that message. He left without saying a word. I haven't seen him since then – over six years – and I don't expect to. I think I'm cured!

Quest: Thank you for being so honest.

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Barbara

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Seeing Barbara Hunter's lissom 34-24-35 figure, it is difficult to believe that she is an excellent cook, specialising in fattening Italian pasta dishes. 'I was taught all the secrets of pasta by an old Italian lady when I was working in Rome for six months as an *au pair*.'

Barbara, 22, has also been to evening classes in French, Indian and Chinese cookery. But her culinary skill rebounded on her when she was particularly anxious to impress a new boyfriend. 'We'd just started going out together and I planned the meal as a big seduction routine, candle-light and everything.' But the poor chap turned out to be allergic to her seafood *crepes*, came up in large red blotches, and had to go home. 'I was left eating the food watching TV. But there was a happy ending because he turned up the next day to take me out for a meal – that's the way to a girl's heart!' Norfolk born and bred, Barbara works in Norwich as head of the typing pool for a private company. 'I do love it out here, but it is all very familiar to me. So now I'm trying to pluck up my courage and go to London to try to make my fortune.'

Honey in the Rock

continued from page 39

could organise my forces she had taken hold of me, and put the devil in hell. Now I knew exactly what the old books meant by that terrible phrase.

Somehow she had locked her feet behind my ankles, her arms were tight about my waist, and my attempts to free myself served only to plunge my cock more deeply within her. The tent was filled with soft laughter, and now she was energy personified, vigorous and lusty, and I gave a despairing cry. I was irretrievably lost, tricked out of my chastity, all my good intentions betrayed.

Yet it felt so good, good beyond imagining, and the will to escape was almost extinguished, like my hopes of salvation. Frantically I lifted myself clear of the ground but she held on, and the narrowness of the bag thwarted my efforts to shake her off. Our combined weight was too much for me, and we fell back to earth with a thud. She let out a great cry, and I feared she was hurt but then her hips began to move, all pretence of exhaustion shrugged off, and my one desire was to bury myself in her flesh.

Grabbing her breasts, flattened under my chest, I squeezed them into thimble-tipped mounds while my mouth kissed her throat and shoulders, any place I could reach. Her cries were sweeter than a choir of angels to my women-starved ears.

My powers of reason were gone: I was all instinct, and there was nothing to do but move with her as the bag flexed and heaved like a giant chrysalis about to give birth to a butterfly.

If everything drummed into me these last months branded her an emissary of the Tempter then I was ready to throw in my lot with Him, and I strove against her hips as though my soul itself might, with a little more effort, pass through that tender-lipped gateway between her thighs.

Sure of me now, she broke her hold on my waist. Her fingers played games in the small of my back, then seized and drew on my buttocks as if she too would have me body and soul inside her. And all the time the storm raged outside, trying to batter the tent down. Or was that the roaring of blood in my ears as I came?

When it was over I knew my life was irrevocably changed. How could I ever have thought ill of her? And what evil could there possibly be in a coupling so ecstatic as ours? The discipline and prohibitions of the past were no more than a poorly recollected dream, my former brothers deluded, and we fell asleep as we lay. I remained inside her but still now, still.

When I awoke again in the dawn light birds were singing.

'I love you,' I said softly. I twisted round in the bag, set the billy going, and heated up some soup. When it was ready I woke her.

'How do you feel?' I asked.

For a moment she looked bewildered, and then seemed to remember. Her face coloured up in a rueful smile.

'Tired,' she said, 'very tired.'

'Drink this,' I suggested, passing her the mug.

Though she looked a lot better than when I'd found her it was evident that she was still pretty weak, and I recalled that hypothermia may be accompanied by sudden bouts of energy and hysteria – the previous night certainly came into that category – amid the more general lassitude.

When I was having my share of the soup she cleared her throat and said, 'About last night. I don't know what came over me. You must think I'm awful. And didn't you say something about being a monk, or was I dreaming?'

I held her hand and squeezed it. What need was there of forgiveness?

'No, you weren't dreaming,' I said, 'but I'm not a monk, just a novice. Ex-novice. And I'm not a bit sorry, unless you are.'

She smiled shyly.

Breakfast over, I started to climb out of the bag – a manoeuvre not without its difficulties – and as my hips came free she took me in her mouth. I hoped it would never be over. All too soon it was.

I just lay there without any sense of urgency. Nothing that had been important before I came up into the mountains seemed to matter any more; even getting help was something I felt could be postponed, but I knew it had to be done.

'Feel well enough to walk?' I asked.

She shook her head.

I pulled my legs out of the bag, and got back into my wet clothes. She watched me dress.

'What are you doing?'

'I'll have to go and fetch help. I can't get you down on my own.'

'Don't leave me,' she said.

I knelt by the bag, and kissed her.

'Don't worry. Just stay well wrapped up and try to go back to sleep. I'll be back soon.'

I pulled the drawstring tight, and kissed her again.

'See you soon,' I said, backing out of the tent.

I went as fast as the slippery track would allow. Even so it was none too soon before I came to a cottage. A woman was in the garden hanging out washing. I told her what had happened, she hustled me inside, and phoned the rescue service, then made me a hot drink. She wanted me to stay till help came, but the directions I left were perfectly clear, and I started back the way I'd come, anxious not to leave the girl any longer than necessary.

It was a hard pull going up the hill, and I felt dizzy and light-headed, weak in the legs and yet exhilarated. All that left me when I arrived.

There was no tent, no sign of the girl. Everything had gone. I couldn't even find the burned patch of grass, and the few pegs where the girl's tent had stood further along the trail.

The rescue team found me up there, wandering around in a daze. They searched the area thoroughly I'm told, and came up with no more than I had.

The leader insisted I go back down immediately – bound to a stretcher – they bundled me into a van, and I was whisked off to hospital.

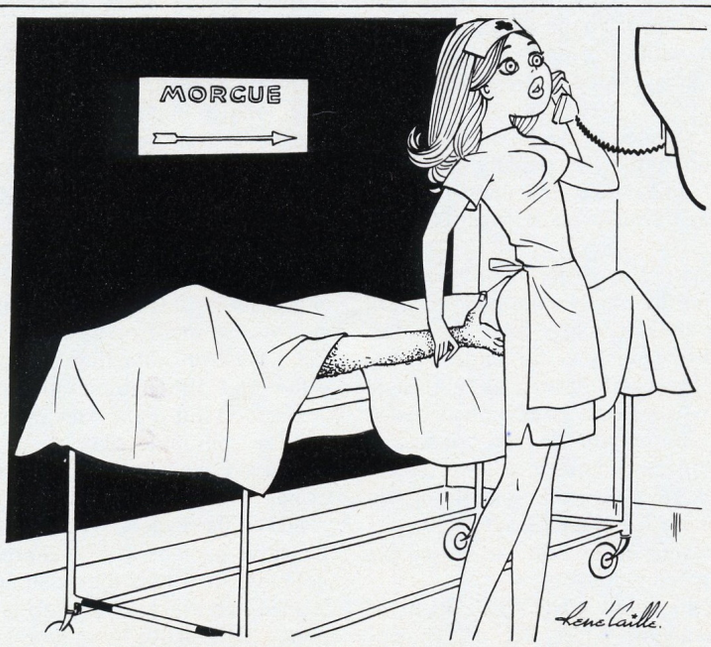
People always insist on neat endings, everything tidily packaged up, loose strings knotted tight, and so they had to explain her away. The authorised version of what happened is that up in the mountains, alone and at a crossroads in my life, I suffered some kind of breakdown, aggravated perhaps by inadequate food and shelter. Out of touch, I lost or drifted away from my tent and gear after which my health took a real tumble downhill, and soon, the argument runs, I was completely unable to distinguish reality from fantasy. They say it was a minor miracle I ever got down to the cottage under my own steam.

I know what I think of all that lot. What anybody else might imagine doesn't bother me. She was no dream, no 'construct of a febrile brain' any more than the old boy seen by those two climbers.

I discharged myself at the first opportunity, got kitted out again, and now I'm ready to go. She's still up there somewhere, and I've made a vow to find her.

I never was cut out to be a monk, I see that now, but she took me to Paradise, briefly, and I mean to go back.

If it takes forever.



'Is that the senior registrar – I think someone's boobed.'

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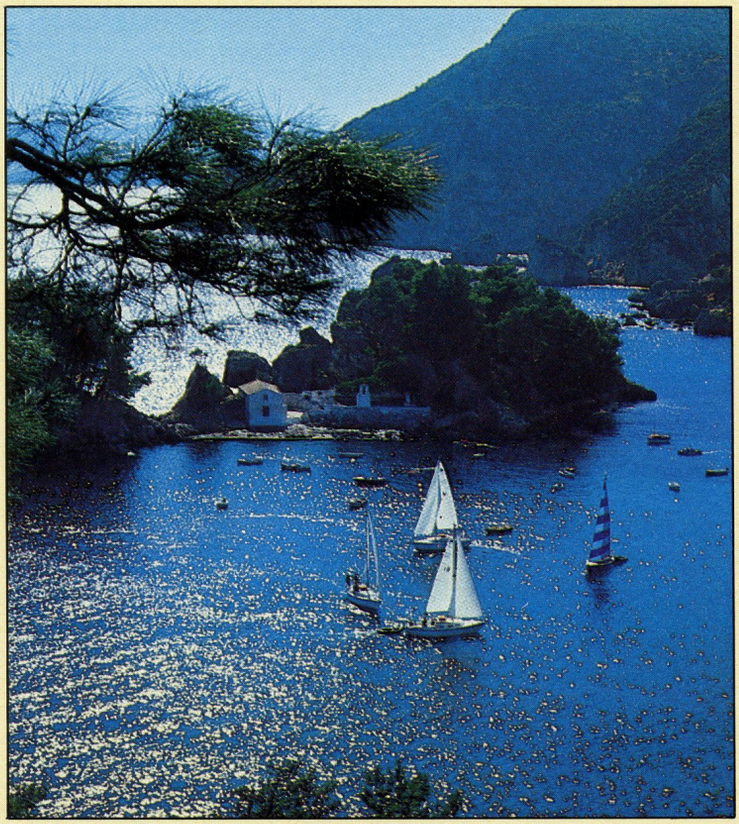

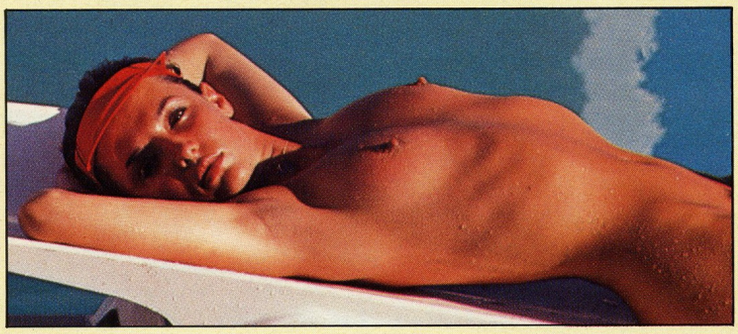

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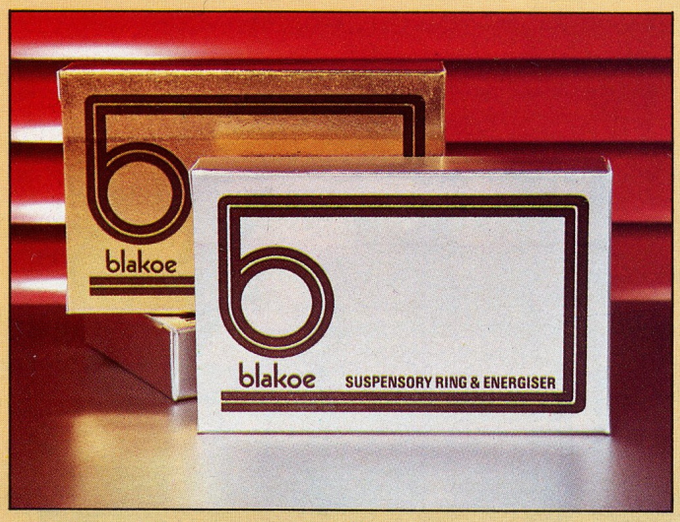

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LETTERS

continued from page 10
and Helen Masters in the ivory. We hope to be publishing sets of both soon, so keep an eye out for them.

Not long ago, I came across a copy of your magazine, and its letters and Quest feature excited me so much I was prompted to write to you about an experience of mine.

I am a married woman with two grown-up children, and I'm not ashamed to admitting to being 42-years-old. Nature was kind to me, and gave me measurements of 38C-24-36. I'm tall with long legs and a bottom that was once described as provocative. My breasts are large but in proportion to my body and, despite my two children, quite firm. When I lie on my back they spread slightly but do not flatten into my chest as they do with some girls. My nipples when aroused are as thick and as long as the first joint of my little finger.

Two years ago, I found that sex was losing its excitement for me, and sought solace in vibrators bought from a mail order firm. The first was a four-incher, then I progressed to an eight inch model with two speeds, and finally to a sophisticated mains model with a pulsating head made of latex rubber. They gave me many orgasms but not the excitement that can be obtained from a man's body.

The solution to my problem came several months ago when I won a two-week holiday in a competition at my local supermarket. My husband was unable to leave his work, so I went on my own, and whilst I gave the subject little thought I suppose subconsciously I had decided to make the holiday a sexual adventure.

It was on the second night that things started to happen. The man I met was devastatingly attractive, and having flirted with him over dinner, it was obvious that we were going to be lovers. I invited him to my room to share a bottle of wine, having popped to the bathroom to adjust my make-up, and undo the top two buttons of my dress to show my cleavage.

He looked at me strangely as I entered the room, and he handed me a glass of wine. He gave me a long, lingering kiss that grew in intensity as our tongues intertwined. After that very first kiss, he slowly and carefully undid every button of my dress, slipping it from my shoulders. I was dressed to be undressed; my breasts supported by a half cup bra exposing my nipples, I had dark beige suspender panty-hose and scarlet see-through tanga pants.

My nipples were already aching with desire, and fully erect before he bent down to kiss the tip of one of them, and then placed his hand between my thighs, slowly and deliberately massaging my pubic mound. My legs felt weak, and he must have sensed it for he sat me down on the bed. Then he quietly told me how much my body turned him on, and what he was going to do with it.

That sort of talk turned me on, and on impulse, I unfastened one of my boobs, and fed it to him. His lips barely covered my swollen areola. My free hand strayed to his lap, and I took out his penis. Running my hand along its length I started imagining the sensation as it filled me. I was very wet down there.

He pushed me onto the bed, then lifted my bottom to remove my tangas. As he stood and undressed, I saw myself in the mirror. My breasts were out of my bra, my vagina glistening.

Naked, he lay next to me, and grasped my thighs from underneath pushing them up so my knees were practically touching my shoulders. My hands fell onto my nipples as he made love to me with his tongue. When it found my clitoris I climaxed immediately. As the waves of orgasm convulsed me, I felt my lips swollen. I badly needed it properly.

I lifted my hips as a sign to him. I was so wet that it slipped in easily, entering me with one long movement. His left hand closed over my right breast, his mouth over my left one. Making love is too gentle an expression for what he did. He fucked me, slowly at first then building his speed and power. I knew I wouldn't hold out for long, and I tossed my head digging my fingernails into his buttocks. I am not normally noisy but I let out a scream as I orgasmed. Then he came too in a series of long shuddering spasms.

My circle of friends would be shocked at my behaviour but now I've found satisfaction I intend to continue discreetly.
(Name and address withheld)

I heartily congratulate you on

turn to page 114

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CARRIE

Problems pile up when Carrie tears a strip off a lady driver

LETTERS

continued from page 110

your Quest survey about the sexual delights of ski-ing. I have been on several trips to the slopes, and found the women on the mountains more willing than anywhere else.

In fact I was so impressed by the way that some ladies behave on skis, that I have set myself up as a ski instructor in my town. Encouraged by the Winter Olympics, they turn up in their droves. They have all the gear, regardless of cost, and love all the attention. One girl whom I shall call Alison, was really turned on by the whole experience, I could tell.

She arrived at my room where I hold the classes (no, I know there isn't any snow there – the initial lessons are in balance, the snow coming later), in one of those tight-fitting shiny ski-suits. I couldn't help feeling it was a bit unnecessary for the first lesson, but at least she was keen. She changed into her skis, and I showed her the correct position for starting. As soon as my hand touched her, I felt a small shiver run through her, like she had never been touched by a strange man before. Every time, I corrected her, I felt it, and soon I was getting the impression that she was doing it wrong deliberately.

Then she started touching me back, holding on to me at the slightest provocation. I noticed the look that was apparent in her eyes, and being a single man, I recognised it as a real come on. Soon my beliefs were confirmed when she suggested that I came back to her place for a cup of coffee. I knew she was married, so I had qualms, but I have to admit that I found her extremely attractive. I'm afraid that I succumbed to temptation, and found myself in her Volvo heading for her flat.

She told me that she was in the process of splitting up from her husband, and that was why she had taken up ski-ing – to provide her with a new hobby. But, she added, she was desperate for a man to love her. Her eyes practically burned holes in me as she said it. Fortunately we were at traffic lights at the time, otherwise we might have crashed into a lamp post.

Back at her flat, she dutifully made us a drink as she had promised, although her mind was very definitely on other things. Soon she was slowly unzipping her ski-suit, and urging me to hold her breasts. When I did so, she started squirming like a fish. She was so hot and ready it was almost frightening. Then she started kissing me with a ferocity that I had never experienced before.

'Relax, relax,' she kept saying, and I must admit I was tense. Her breasts were firm and large, and she was very attractive but the situation was so unusual, I have to admit it was a little intimidating.

However, I started to calm down and enjoy it, and soon my hands were roaming around her lovely body. She was still as eager as ever, almost ripping at my shirt to get it off, then tearing open the zip of my flies. She wriggled out of the remains of her clothes except for a small pair of pale blue knickers, which I slid my fingers inside. But she didn't want foreplay, and told me so. 'I'm ready. I'm ready now,' she almost screamed at me. To tell the truth, I wasn't certain I was.

But I pulled down her knickers, revealing a moist black pussy, and that helped urge me on. On their smart brown leather sofa, I slipped into her, and she let out a low moan. The words she whispered then were not the sort you expect from a lady of obvious wealth, but it served to increase my tempo. She started writhing like crazy now, and shouting. It was hard and fierce, but I was enjoying it, and so was she. Eventually, we came in the noisiest, shattering climax, that I have ever had. By the end, her dark hair was streaked with sweat, her make-up had run, and she was very wet downstairs. Breathlessly, she just said 'Thank you.'

Later over a drink, I asked her what it was, apart from her husband's absence that had turned her on so much. She said that she could only explain ski-ing in terms of being an escapist sport, that it encourages you to try and fulfill all your dreams. I said that I could imagine that on the alps but not in a room in the city centre. She just laughed, and said that some people are more imaginative than others. Great, I say.

(Name and address withheld)

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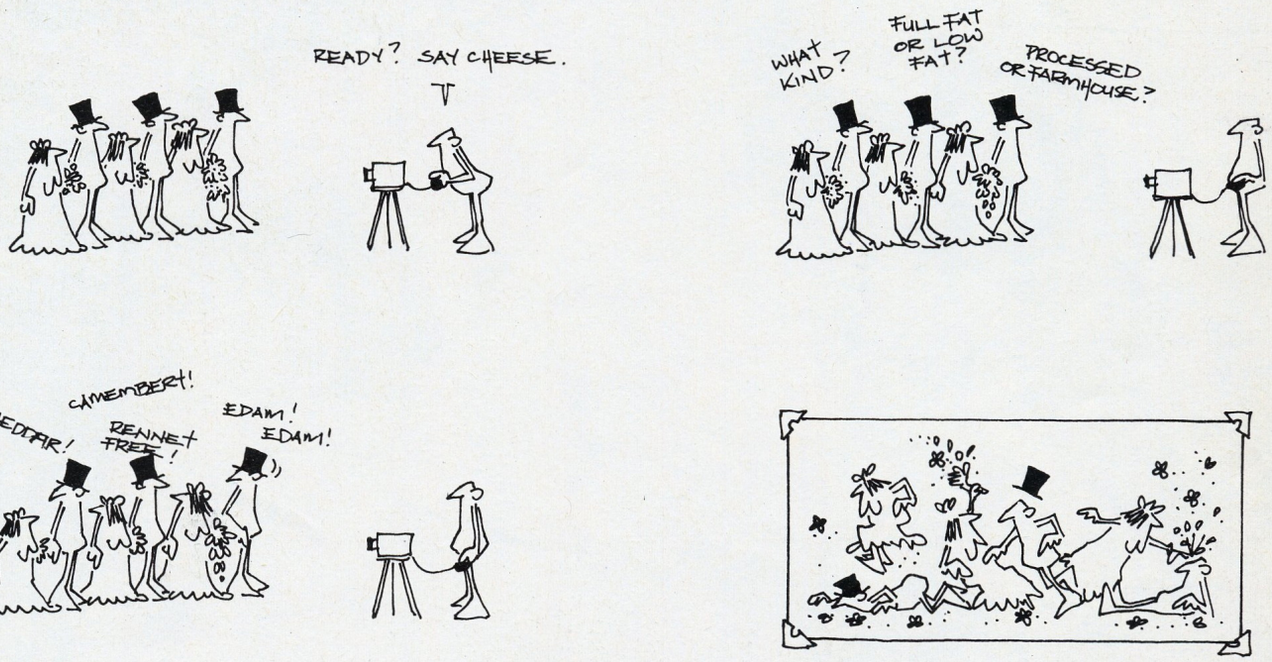
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